

THE
ANCHORET.

A

MORAL TALE,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

VOLUME II.

The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search:
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

ADDISON.

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M.DCC.LXXIII.

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ANARCHORET.

2. *Leucosia* (Leucosia) *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 10)

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ANCHORET.

LETTER XIX.

Miss MUSGRAVE to Miss BEVERLY.

WERE it not for an eager desire,
Wth and a longing expectation to
know the sequel of the fair Spa-
niard's history, your ladyship might be as-
sured of receiving my chastisement.—
What!—because I have not so large a field
wherein to expatiate and exercise my pen,
must I be accused of insipid nothingness?

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B

—really

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—really, *Sylvia*, this is almost past sufferance:—You might well suppose I should toss up my little saucy face (these are your words I believe) and say, “What airs of “importance this girl gives herself!”—

En Verité, child, you were nearly right;—something of that kind *did* happen, I assure you;—but you were sensible how much you deserved my *contempt*, and could, therefore, give a shrewd guess how it would be expressed.

Now have I a great inclination to conclude, just at this period; without imparting an occurrence I have met with, that may claim some attention from your important ladyship.—Ay, ay! now comes my turn for supposing, *Sylvia*,—as, methinks, I can hear you say, (knowing how fond you are of adventures) “Do, my “sweet friend, excuse the natural impetuosity of my temper this once, and I

“will



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"will promise to be more humble for the future."—Well, child, in consideration of this being your first offence, I will extend my wonted compassion—and forgive you; but no more of such daring insults on my inimitable performances, or, if you repeat them, expect utter neglect; and my silence shall be your punishment!—This threat I desire you will receive with all proper submission—no murmurings—for remember what the pathetic Doctor Young says—

"Lorenzo, to recriminate is just."

Lydia Trueiman, I assure you, *Sylvia*, merits a much higher elogium than your sarcastic ladyship was pleased to honour her with:—I discover new perfections at every interview:—She is my constant companion, as often as I can steal from my accomplished mother and sister, who frequently rally me on my groveling

B 2 connection!

connection! you know that is a favourite word with Lady *Susan*, who thinks it expresses a just disdain for such objects as she esteems low and contemptible.—What a pity it is, *Sylvia*, that such elevated ideas should ever descend from their exalted throne, and be levelled infinitely beneath those they pretend to degrade.—But this is talking in parables, you will say;—utterly incomprehensible!—Why, I acknowledge it requires considerable penetration, and, I suppose, you will hardly believe Lady *Susan* to be the person meant in this enigmatical preamble;—but so she really is, on my word, *Sylvia*, if there be truth in artless innocence. — I now no longer wonder at Papa's disquiet,—though I do not apprehend he knows the least of a secret I am going to repose in the bosom of my friend. Her visible love of admiration, when engaged in the busy world, joined to the discovery I have now made, occasions

sions me to fear, that a very short time will behold him the most wretched husband that can possibly be imagined.

You may remember, in my last, I mentioned Papa's proposal of our visiting *Bath*;—of this circumstance I was informing *Lydia*, during one of our morning rambles, who, on a sudden, said—“*Bath!* “*Miss Emily!*”—with such emotion as surprised me:—yet, willing to know the reason, I pretended not to regard her repeating the word with so much energy, but rallied her by saying—“Ay, why not “*Lydia?* what, I suppose your father has “implanted in your bosom, an equal de- “testation for that region of pleasure and “amusement, as for the capital?”

“Why, indeed, *Miss Musgrave*, (re-“plied the good girl) I believe the diffi-“pation that reigns at both, is often pro-“ductive of many disagreeable circum-

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“ stances ;—but does Lady *Susan* propose
“ going ? ” — “ Undoubtedly : (answered
“ I) it was entirely with an intent to amuse
“ her Ladyship that Papa mentioned it ;—
“ but why that question ? *Lydia* ; do you
“ apprehend any doubt of her ready con-
“ sent to a proposal so agreeable to her
“ natural love of gaiety ? ”

Here, with an expressive shake of the
head, she returned,—“ It is not for *me*,
“ Miss *Musgrave*, to insinuate any thoughts
“ respecting her ladyship’s inclination ;—
“ but, as I see that my having repeated
“ the name of *Bath* with involuntary fur-
“ pise, has occasioned you to apprehend
“ there may be some concealed reason.—
“ I must speak my thoughts more freely ;
“ and, I confess, that if I were Lady
“ *Susan*, *that* place, of all others, should
“ be the last I would visit ;—especially as
“ she is, at this time, the wife of Sir Ro-

“ bert

“*Bert Musgrave.*”—Here she paused—and her words filled me with such alarming fears, that I begged her to unriddle the seeming mystery, and inform me what she knew concerning her ladyship; promising, at the same time, to keep the secret with such discretion, that she should have no reason to accuse herself for imparting it to me.

The poor girl, with all the appearance of modest diffidence, raising her eyes, said, with a becoming blush, “The friendship “you have been pleased to honour me “with, dear Miss *Emily*, demands my most “grateful tribute of acknowledgment; “and, to prove myself assured of your “obliging promise, not to reveal what, “as yet, remains inviolable, except to my “father and myself, I will relate what “you desire to hear.”

So saying, we seated ourselves on the side of a bank, sufficiently retired from a

possibility of being overheard, and *Lydia* began as follows :

“ In the last illness of Sir *Jasper Arundel*, my father (on whom the baronet was pleased to confer many favours, and repose much confidence) constantly, by his own desire, attended him.

“ During this melancholy period, Lady *Susan* appeared totally unconcerned ; making frequent excursions to *London*, and seeming utterly regardless of the indisposition and visible decline of *him*, whom her duty should have obliged to attend as much as possible.—Yet even for this neglect some palliation may be urged, when we reflect that the inequality of years between them was nearly thirty ; which, joined to the Baronet’s infirmities, rendered their union incompatible :—but though such a disparity might in some measure extenuate neglect,

“ glect, yet it could not excuse a fall from
“ virtue, which her Ladyship stands ac-
“ cused of, from the dying avowal of the
“ Baronet.”

Here I could not help exclaiming,
—“ Fall from virtue!—for heaven’s sake,
“ Lydia, recall the word!—sure it cannot
“ be!”—The worthy girl perceiving my
emotion, said,—

“ Ah, Miss *Emily*, I am certain such a
“ declaration must sound harsh and un-
“ pleasing to one susceptible only of vir-
“ tuous sentiments;—sorry am I, that un-
“ dissembled truth obliges me to be the
“ relator of this circumstance;—but you
“ insisted on a candid information, which
“ therefore I must give, or you will have
“ cause, perhaps, hereafter to accuse me
“ with deceiving you.”

There was such an appearance of honest frankness in her manner, that I begged her to proceed, which she then did as follows :

“ One evening, Sir Jasper having just
“ awoke from a refreshing slumber, asked
“ for his lady, with the appearance of a
“ fond expectation that she was present;
“ but on my father’s answering in the ne-
“ gative, the worthy old gentleman ap-
“ peared greatly disturbed, saying, Unkind
“ imprudent woman ! what, does she think
“ much of waiting a few days only ?—yes,
“ *Trueman*, a few, very few, must return
“ thy master to his original dust.—Un-
“ grateful Lady Susan, is it thus you repay
“ my unmerited forgiveness when I sur-
“ prised you with your guilty paramour at
“ *Bath*?—Oh *Trueman* ! pursued Sir Jasper,
“ you little know what I have suffered
“ from that adulterous wanton ;—if my
“ strength

“ strength will permit I will tell thee all,
“ that I may be justified as to the binding
“ situation in which I intend to leave her,
“ so shall she hardly have it in her power
“ to render another as wretched as I
“ am.

“ The last time I was at *Bath*, I heard
“ loud whispers concerning her openly re-
“ ceiving the addresses of one Captain
“ *Morton*,—a fellow assuming the military
“ title, though regarded by most of the
“ penetrating at that place, only as a noted
“ gambler, destitute of the least merit;
“ yet a volubility of common-place gal-
“ lantry, uttered with all the effrontery of
“ Hibernian assurance, too often introduced
“ him to the most fashionable societies,
“ among whom my imprudent *Lady Susan*
“ was the most ready to listen to him;
“ but when first cautioned to beware
“ of this illiterate, arrogant fellow, I could
“ give

“ give no credit to the insinuation ; for
“ though sensible she loved admiration and
“ applause, yet I could not sink her so low
“ in my esteem, as to harbour the least
“ suspicion against so abject a wretch as
“ *Morton*. But roused at length by the
“ general voice, I was determined to be
“ on the watch, and by a little stratagem
“ actually surprised them in a situation too
“ flagrant to admit of farther incredu-
“ lity.

“ The villain soon escaped my venge-
“ ance, and, as I afterwards heard, (like
“ a thorough-paced coward) left *Bath* im-
“ mediately. — My imprudent wife re-
“ mained, whom, you may be assured, I
“ upbraided in such terms as her offence
“ merited :—but she having recourse to
“ the arts and insinuations of her sex,
“ softened, by a well-dissembled penitence,
“ and a shew of fondness, my determined
“ rigour ;

“ rigour ;—and in less than an hour I
“ pressed the lovely, deceitful Lady Susan
“ to my bosom ; instead of what, in jus-
“ tice to myself, I should have done,—ba-
“ nished her for ever.

“ We left *Bath*, by my desire, the day
“ following, being fearful of those malig-
“ nant whispers scandal ever delights in.

“ This (continued Sir Jasper) is the
“ truth of that hateful affair :—and, oh !
“ *Trueman* ! how little does she deserve that
“ forgiveness which I bestowed in the hour
“ of her pretended contrition !—In my
“ will, (which was made in those happy
“ hours, when I believed her mind beau-
“ teous as her form) I have bequeathed
“ her sole mistress of my fortune, but I
“ am now determined to tye her down to
“ such conditions, as may hinder another
“ fond believing husband from being im-
“ posed,

“ posed upon as I have been ; for which
“ purpose, *Trueman*, I insist that you pro-
“ cure, by to-morrow noon, persons proper
“ to execute and witness such alterations
“ as I intend to make in respect to this
“ ungrateful woman.

“ But alas ! (continued *Lydia*) whether
“ the agitation with which the mind of
“ Sir *Jasper* then laboured, contributed to
“ augment his illness, or what other cause
“ I cannot determine, but in less than two
“ hours after the above recital, he was
“ seized with violent convulsions, became
“ speechless and insensible, and before
“ morning paid the irrevocable debt to
“ Nature ; by which accident the will re-
“ mained as first made, and her Ladyship
“ became sole executrix and possessor of
“ the Baronet’s vast fortune.”

Here

Here did *Lydia* conclude her alarming detail, which you may be sure, *Sylvia*, occasioned in me an infinite surprize; for though fearful her Ladyship had, by her apparent love of admiration, given cause for slight censures, yet I could not suspect her of so open a violation against the laws of virtue.

Now could I almost be tempted to turn moralist, and endeavour to expatiate, with becoming dignity, on human frailties, but as I am certain the subject would be greatly superior to my abilities, I shall desist, and leave the important theme for a more able pen;—yet I cannot help observing, how much I am astonished at Lady Susan's visible satisfaction at our intended tour to *Bath*; for, as *Lydia* observes, (unless lost to all sense of shame) that ought to be the last place she should visit.

Yet

Yet perhaps she imagines, that time and absence has entirely buried in oblivion the remembrance of her indiscretion ; but, alas ! unless the waters possess the forgetful quality of *Lethe*, such a hope, I much fear, will be fruitless ;—as scandal ever delights in exposing our frailties in so compleat a manner, that neither time nor absence can obliterate them from the copious memory of the blackening fiend !

You see, *Sylvia*, I am actually become immoderately grave ; and should I not haste to conclude, I might weary you with solemn remarks and moralizing sentiments ; neither of which, as I before observed, are in the least suited to my volatile inclination : — but as I would fain say something expressive of my opinion of Lady Susan's crime, receive

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ceive the following lines of honest *Nath. Rowe.*

Too late, alas! her fault she may deplore,
Too late look back to what she was before,
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.

EMILY MUSGRAVE.

LETTER XX.

Miss BEVERLY to Miss MUSGRAVE.

IS it possible, *Emily*? can it be? can *Lady Susan* actually deserve the odious character given by *Lydia Frueman*?—Be not too credulous, nor yield implicit faith to so cruel an assertion;—certainly, was there the least truth in the calumny, her Ladyship could never think of returning to a place, where, as you observe, scandal reigns;

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reigns; and which, on her appearance, would revive the topic of her fatal indiscretion.—Pardon me, *Emily*,—but I must own I cannot credit the tale, though told by—“artless Innocence.”—I could urge some reasons for my disbelief, but the task I have imposed on myself will not permit me to dwell on other subjects; therefore I shall continue fair *Clara*’s history.—I think, in my last, I left her just arrived at the house of Mr. *Pellam*;—
“ Where (said our heroine) I was received
“ with the greatest politeness by the pa-
“ rents of my friend, *Olivia*.

“ The obliging reception I met with in
“ this new kingdom, greatly contributed
“ to alleviate my despondency, and I re-
“ mained in this worthy family for some
“ months, inheriting more tranquility than
“ I could possibly have expected; when
“ an event happened, that plunged me
“ again

“ again into the most disagreeable situation, and made me conclude, the avenging rod of Omnipotence had not yet ceased to chastise me.

“ Near a year after my residence in *England*, Mr. James *Pellkam*, brother to *Olivia*, arrived at his father’s from making (what is styled in *England*) — the grand tour.—I had heard much of this gentleman from his equally fond parents and sister, who rejoiced at his return, and expressed the utmost delight; which being observed by me, I was willing to appear equally pleased with my obliging friends, and welcomed him also with a sister’s affection.

“ This young gentleman being an only son, and sole heir to a considerable estate, had received every requisite accomplishment to shine in the exalted sphere wherein Fortune had placed him : —A most

“ —A most liberal education was, how-
“ ever, deemed insufficient, unless proper-
“ ly finished by travel ;—which last part
“ of improvement, I much fear, has been
“ sincerely regreted by many indulgent
“ parents, (of *England* in particular) who
“ too often find, that instead of a valu-
“ able addition to their childrens morals,
“ too often these fashionable tours occasion
“ them to swerve from *that* rectitude
“ which they ought to preserve.

“ This remark was evident in Mr. *Pell-*
“ *bam*, who left his native land with every
“ pleasing appearance of social virtue ;—
“ but, alas ! returned with principles di-
“ rectly opposite.

“ I will not dwell on every minute cir-
“ cumstance, but only observe, that an
“ inordinate love of intrigue (which, I
“ apprehend, he had freely indulged in
“ the gay kingdoms he had visited) was
“ his

“ his most prevailing foible, and which
“ he was pleased to exercise against the
“ unhappy *Clara*:

“ Numerous were the insinuations he
“ used, to effect his cruel purpose; notwith-
“ standing which, he had art enough to
“ conceal, from his parents and sister, the
“ least of his designs.—My behaviour to
“ him, ever cold and reserved, at length
“ irritated him so highly, that one even-
“ ing, finding me alone, he had the ef-
“ frontery to threaten me with putting a
“ design in execution, which he assured me
“ he had long intended; saying, with an
“ insulting shew of success, that he should
“ then soon triumph over my stubborn
“ virtue, and oblige me to a more submis-
“ sive demeanor.

“ In vain I argued on his infamous in-
“ tent, calling it the greatest breach of
“ hospitality, and concluded, by threaten-
“ ing

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“ ing to disclose the whole to his parents
“ and sister.—He remained unmoved ei-
“ ther at my threats or supplications, but
“ left me in a rage, swearing, that let
“ what would be the consequence, he
“ would follow his design and force me
“ to compliance.

“ I was no sooner alone, than I threw
“ myself on my knees before *that* Power
“ I had formerly so much offended; ac-
“ knowledged the justice of my suffering,
“ yet begged his almighty aid to free me
“ from the threatened danger.

“ Gratitude to the parents and sister of
“ this daring youth, forbade me to disturb
“ their repose, by informing them of his
“ insulting usage; I therefore resolved,
“ after mature consideration, to leave their
“ hospitable mansion, and retire to some
“ sequestered retreat, as the most effectual
“ means to avoid his cruel determination.

“ —For

“—For this intent, I made a confidant
“of a young woman who waited on me.
“—This girl possessed many tender sen-
“sations, and soon promised me her as-
“fistance.—She recommended me to her
“mother, who lived at a small village in
“the most retired part of *Berkshire*:—I re-
“turned her my sincere acknowledgments,
“and it was agreed between us, that on
“her mother’s answer to a letter she
“wrote for that purpose, I should imme-
“diately leave *London*, and seek an asylum
“in the humble cottage of goody *Fairfield*.

“My thoughts were now principally
“employed how I should account for my
“flight to Mr. and Mrs. *Pellam*, and my
“friend *Olivia*;—at length, I was deter-
“mined to leave a letter, intimating, that
“an unforeseen accident had occasioned
“my abrupt departure, and obliged me to
“remain in secret, that my rigid fortune
“might

“ might prove less severe.—This I accord-
“ ingly did, expressing, with every testi-
“ mony of gratitude, my infinite obliga-
“ tions; but I forbore the least mention of
“ Mr. *Pellham*’s behaviour, fearful of
“ wounding their friendly bosoms with the
“ anxiety they would have felt at a rela-
“ tion of the disagreeable truth.

“ The thousand pounds I had received
“ from the generous Madame *de Beaumont*,
“ I had, by the advice of my friend, placed
“ in the public funds; the interest of
“ which little sum was all I had now to
“ live upon. Yet did not this humiliating
“ consideration affect me; my every
“ thought being engaged to elude the cruel
“ design of Mr. *Pellham*.

“ On the receipt of goody *Fairfield*’s an-
“ swer to her daughter *Sally*’s letter, I im-
“ mediately embraced the offer of her re-
“ ceiving me; and, by the help of the
“ good

“ good girl, secured a place in the stage
“ coach, which went near the village where
“ my intended hostess resided.—Early in
“ the morning, attended only by my faith-
“ ful confidant, I quitted *London*, leaving
“ the letter before-mentioned on the dress-
“ ing-table;—my cloaths had been con-
“ veyed in small parcels to a friend of
“ *Sally's*, where they were purposely packed
“ up and sent to the inn, directed in the
“ name of *Mitchell*, which I assumed to
“ prevent a discovery.

“ I took an affectionate leave of the
“ good girl, who promised to send me
“ constant word of every thing material
“ that happened, and at four o'clock the
“ coach left the inn, with only one passen-
“ ger besides myself, an elderly man, hav-
“ ing the appearance of an honest farmer,
“ who slept for many hours after we set

“ out, so that I had liberty to enjoy my
“ own sad reflections unmolested.

“ Ruminating on the various incidents
“ which had composed my former life,
“ the trickling tear fell fast;—I regarded
“ myself as an outcast from the world,
“ deserted and forlorn.—I took the pic-
“ tures of my father and my beloved
“ *Beaumont*, surveyed them by turns—
“ kissed the lifeless images, bedewed them
“ with my tears,—and, in short, indulged
“ the most exquisite silent sorrow that it
“ is possible to imagine.

“ This reverie of affecting remembrance
“ I enjoyed till the coach stopped at the
“ place where we were to breakfast; after
“ our company was encreased by two more
“ elderly men, who, as I found by their
“ discourse, were going to some neigh-
“ bouring fair to purchase cattle. They
“ soon became very communicative to my
“ first

“ first companion, endeavouring my many
“ rough-hewn compliments to make me
“ the same;—but, alas! my feelings were
“ much too poignant to be trifled with;
“ —therefore, by observing a profound
“ silence, I was soon freed from their rustic
“ solicitations; and about three o'clock
“ reached the place where I was to meet
“ goody *Fairfield*.

“ The honest dame was ready to receive
“ me; I was pleased with her artless ap-
“ pearance, and soon followed her to the
“ humble dwelling, which was to be my
“ future residence.

“ When I had been at this place a few
“ days, I wrote to Madame *de Beaumont*,
“ giving her an impartial account of each
“ transaction; at the same time I desired
“ her secrecy, and begged to be informed
“ why I was not favoured with answers to
“ two letters I had written since my leav-

“ ing *France*, the omission of which had
“ occasioned me much uneasiness.

“ In less than a week I received one
“ from *Sally*, wherein she informed me
“ that Mr. *Pellham* no sooner heard of my
“ flight, than he behaved with all the
“ frenzy of disappointment, carrying his
“ unbounded expressions to such a height,
“ as made the whole family suspect that
“ something more than friendship actuated
“ him, and raised a suspicion in *Olivia's*
“ breast, that it was on his account I had
“ fled. This occasioned a warm alterca-
“ tion between the brother and sister,
“ when, by some words that escaped the
“ former in the height of resentment, the
“ latter was convinced of the truth.

“ *Sally* farther said, that every method
“ of threats and promises had been used
“ by Mr. *Pellham*, for her to discover what
“ she knew of my elopement;—my friend
“ also

“ also had questioned her, but she had
“ evaded the least confession or informa-
“ tion whatever, and was determined to
“ persevere in the resolution (even to
“ *Olivia*) unless authorized by me to the
“ contrary.

“ I answered this letter, enjoining her
“ to constant secrecy, and a few days after
“ I wrote to Miss *Pellham*; assuring her
“ that I should never forget our friend-
“ ship, or the obligations that I had re-
“ ceived from her and her worthy parents;
“ and even hinted that a fear of her bro-
“ ther was the reason of my voluntary
“ flight. Yet I could not prevail on my-
“ self to impart the name of the place of
“ my retirement, fearing, as she was ex-
“ tremely fond of her brother, that she
“ might some time or other consent to his
“ solicitations, and divulge the secret.

“ I now remained in this rural retirement unnoticed and unknown ; the whole family consisted (besides myself) of honest dame *Fairfield* and her son, who held a small farm, the produce of which was just sufficient for their maintenance. Here therefore I had ample leisure to meditate on many disagreeable circumstances, which frequently overwhelmed me with affliction, and which to alleviate, I earnestly wished to receive a letter from Madame *de Beaumont*,—for her silence filled me with fears of a thousand unforeseen accidents.

“ I had been in this retreat for some months, without any thing material happening, when one morning, as I was indulging my usual reflections in a small meadow behind the cottage, I was accosted by an elderly lady, who bade me good morrow with so much politeness,

“ as

“ as at once both surprised and charmed
“ me, having never observed the least ap-
“ pearance of civilized behaviour in the
“ few persons I had seen since my resi-
“ dence with the honest dame. We soon
“ entered into an united comment on the
“ beauty of the morning, and the sweet
“ tranquility that reigned at that early
“ hour;—her remarks were conveyed with
“ such elevation of sentiment, expressive
“ of devout gratitude to the author of
“ Nature for his unbounded liberality, that
“ I listened with delight, and heartily con-
“ gratulated myself in meeting with this
“ amiable companion, for such I hoped to
“ find her in future.

“ Being thus employed, the time glided
“ so swiftly that I forgot the usual hour
“ of breakfast, till I observed my hostess
“ coming in search of me; I then bade
“ the lady farewell, who, with a most ob-

“ liging smile, told me that she hoped to
“ have the pleasure of seeing me again the
“ next morning, as she had made that
“ meadow, for some time her constant
“ place of rambling at that early hour. I
“ with infinite satisfaction promised to
“ meet her; we then parted, and I fol-
“ lowed dame *Fairfield* to breakfast.”

Extend thy gift of Patience, *Emily*, a
little time longer, when I hope to conclude
what yet remains of our charming *Spaniard's* history; for I will, as soon as pos-
sible, resume the task.—Till when,

Adieu.

IN

IN CONTINUATION.

DO you think, *Emily*, it will ever be in your power to make proper retaliation for all this torrent of writing? — I verily believe that I have already penned more lines than are contained in the marriage articles of the richest heiress in *England*. — Well, remember my expectations are very sanguine, to know the particulars of your excursion to that region of pleasurable amusement, — *Bath*. — I therefore insist on your compliance, as some return for my unbounded informations; and now to proceed.

“ When I was alone with my hostess,
“ (continued *Donna Clara*) I informed her
“ of my meeting the lady, to which the
“ honest old dame replied, As sure as I

“ live, Miss *Mitchell*, you have seen Madam
“ *Whitworth*!—Do you know her then?—
“ said I.—Know her, echoed Goody, why
“ the whole country rings of her;—she is
“ the worthiest lady in all *Berkshire*;—so
“ good,—so charitable to the poor,—and
“ withall so affable:—would you believe
“ it, Miss *Mitchell*, one of our poor men
“ that was reaping in the fields last harvest,
“ happened to cut his leg most sadly, and
“ Madam *Whitworth* went to his poor
“ hovel herself, and dressed the wound
“ with her own hands; and even repeated
“ the dressing every day till he was able to
“ work again.—She also gave his wife and
“ five small children, both cloaths and
“ victuals, ay, and money too; God in
“ heaven bless her for it, say I.—Ay, ay,
“ Miss, (continued the honest dame) many
“ in this country, who can much better
“ afford it than Madam, does not do one
quarter

“ quarter the good she does:— but we
“ shall not long have her amongst us, I
“ am afraid,— for I hear she is going to
“ leave *Berkshire* very soon.

“ This piece of information I received
“ with sorrow; but willing to know as
“ much as possible concerning this amiable
“ lady, I enquired of dame *Fairfield* if
“ she knew any particulars of her family?
“ whereupon she proceeded in her rustic
“ manner with a long account, of which,
“ for the sake of brevity, I shall only
“ relate some few particulars.

“ This worthy woman was the widow
“ of Colonel *Whitworth*, a gentleman pos-
“ sessed of no great income besides that
“ produced by his commission.—She also,
“ though born of a good family, and
“ educated in a genteel manner, inherited
“ but a small fortune, so that on the Co-
lonel's.

“ lonel’s decease, his amiable widow, and
“ one child, (a daughter) experienced that
“ vicissitude in circumstances which many
“ besides themselves have felt.

“ But Mrs. *Whitworth* being blessed
“ with fortitude and resignation, instantly
“ suited her expences to her income, and
“ retired to a small but neat house, at
“ ——, in *Berkshire*, within a quarter of
“ a mile of my retreat.

“ A young gentleman, named *Mortimer*,
“ whose father was a man of considerable
“ fortune in the same county, happened
“ to see Miss *Whitworth*, and soon became
“ enamoured;—the young people so or-
“ dered it, that a private marriage ensued,
“ without the knowledge of their parents
“ on either side; but in a few months it
“ was impossible to conceal their union,
“ which so irritated the father of the young
“ gentleman, that he immediately sent his
“ son

“ son abroad.—This affecting circum-
“ stance so sensibly preyed on the gentle
“ spirits of the unhappy wife, that she
“ lived no longer than just to present her
“ affectionate parent with an infant gran-
“ daughter.

“ This melancholy affair I found, by
“ dame *Fairfield*’s account, happened about
“ two years before.

“ Mrs. *Whitworth*, for a considerable
“ time, experienced the greatest affliction,
“ but, at length, Time’s lenient hand,
“ aided by the soothing balm of blessed
“ religion, enabled her to forget her woe;
“ and regarding the lovely infant as a
“ mitigation of her sufferings, transferred
“ her maternal affection from the remains
“ of her child, to the smiling image of
“ its unfortunate mother.—As to Mrs.
“ *Whitworth*’s intent of leaving *Berkshire*,
“ my hostess informed me, that she heard
“ that

“ that some friend had recommended a
“ house in ——shire, which was much
“ cheaper, and full as pleasant, though
“ rather more retired.

“ This information gained, an earnest
“ desire soon filled my breast to be a con-
“ stant associate and companion to this
“ amiable lady; yet I knew not how to
“ mention my wish, for fear of hurting
“ that delicacy she appeared so eminently
“ to possess.—But now did Fortune, for
“ the first time, condescend to favour me,
“ and at our fourth interview I ventured
“ to hint my desire, and had the happiness
“ to find Mrs. *Whitworth* agreed to my
“ proposal with apparent pleasure; we
“ then mutually consented to join our
“ small fortunes, and retire to ——shire.
“ She made me acquainted with her whole
“ story, but, in such expressive descrip-
“ tions, that my own sufferings seemed
“ trivial.

“ trivial, when compared with those this
“ amiable woman had sustained.—I now
“ could not avoid returning her obliging
“ confidence; and, therefore, imparted
“ the history of my life with the exactest
“ candour; and the only reason I had to
“ regret the recital was, that the worthy
“ Mrs. *Whitworth* no sooner heard my
“ birth and quality, than her politeness
“ made her treat me so much as her su-
“ perior, that it gave me real pain, which
“ she no sooner observed, than she re-
“ garded me in a manner more to my
“ liking;—she looked upon me as her
“ friend and equal.

“ Another reason, besides the felicity
“ I promised to myself in the society of this
“ amiable lady, was a full assurance that
“ I should be secure from whatever designs
“ Mr. *Pellham* might put in practice against
“ me; for though Sally had assured me of
“ her

“ her inviolable secrecy, I frequently trem-
“ bled, lest threats and promises might,
“ at length, force her to confess the place
“ of my concealment.—Therefore, when
“ the time for our leaving *Berkshire* arrived,
“ I bid a friendly farewell to honest Dame
“ *Fairfield*, who parted from me with much
“ seeming affliction, which I really be-
“ lieved sincere: but description would
“ fail, were I to attempt relating the nu-
“ merous blessings expressed by the grate-
“ ful peasants on their worthy benefac-
“ tress;—each with honest tears bemoaned
“ her leaving them; while lisping infants
“ clasped their little hands and sobbed, at
“ parting from their common parent.—
“ Many, who were able, ran by the side
“ of the carriage, and begged her blessing
“ for at least a mile: a sight like this,
“ where artless nature reigned without dis-
“ guise, affected us considerably: we emp-
“ tied our pockets among the little rustics,
“ and

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“ and the innocent Miss *Mortimer* begged
“ her grandmother would let her do the
“ same.—This was complied with, while
“ the starting tear of sensibility stood
“ glistening in the eye of the amiable
“ Mrs. *Whitworth*; and the chief discourse,
“ till we reached our new residence, con-
“ sisted in remarking the gratitude so
“ visibly displayed from those guileless
“ bosoms.

“ We had not been settled above a
“ month in this calm retreat, when I be-
“ gan to experience more real happiness
“ than I could have expected.—Mrs.
“ *Whitworth* has an exceeding good harp-
“ sichord, of which she is a complete mis-
“ tress; this charming amusement en-
“ grosses a great part of our time; and,
“ as our mansion is but small, we keep
“ only a healthy girl, about seventeen years
“ of age, as a servant; who, with Mrs.

“ *Whitworth*,

“ *Whitworth*, her little granddaughter, and
“ myself, composes our whole family.

“ Soon after I was situated in this new
“ habitation, I wrote again to Madame
“ *De Beaumont*, acquainting her of my se-
“ cond removal, but I have never received
“ the least account, either from *Frayne* or
“ *Spain*; though, about a year since, I
“ ventured to write to my own indulgent
“ parent. Therefore, at this time, I en-
“ tirely despair of ever hearing from those
“ unkind, yet beloved personages.

“ It now only remains (continued our
“ fair heroine) to inform you, by what
“ accident I came so late into the wood,
“ where you, dear young lady, (addressing
“ herself to me) so humanely extended
“ your assistance in relieving an unhappy
“ woman, who, as yet, I fear, is not se-
“ cured from farther misery.

Here,

Here I assured her, that I should ever regard the having it in my power to assist so much merit, as one of the happiest circumstance of my life.—She returned my compliment with obliging affability, and then continued thus :

“ Three days before that fatal evening,
“ I attended Mrs. *Whitworth* on a visit to
“ the friend who had recommended the
“ house.—As the distance is little more
“ than eight miles, we went the first four
“ on horseback, and were then met by
“ Mrs. *Benson* (the lady before-mention'd)
“ in her coach, attended by her nephew,
“ a young collegian, then on a visit to his
“ aunt from *Cambridge*.—The lady, as
“ being a friend of my dear Mrs. *Whit-
worth*, I could not avoid regarding;
“ especially as her appearance and deport-
“ ment seemed to claim it: though I did
“ not entertain the same thoughts of her
“ kinsman,

“ kinsman, as there seemed a levity in his
“ manner whenever he addressed me, which
“ was rather alarming ; and I dreaded the
“ thoughts of another Mr. *Pellbam*.—I,
“ however, kept my sentiments to myself,
“ though determined to be on my guard
“ against this second disturber of my
“ peace.

“ The third day, it having been very
“ warm, we agreed in the evening to take
“ a walk in the wood before-mentioned.
“ —Young *Benson* was not present when
“ this proposal was made, as some busi-
“ nes, a few miles distant, had obliged
“ him to leave us.—We therefore pursued
“ our intended promenade, which, as the
“ evening was most delightful, tempted
“ us to make much longer than at first we
“ thought of.

“ Mrs. *Whitworth* and her friend had
“ been expatiating on various subjects,
“ both

“ both sublime and moral ; among other
“ topics, the passion of love had been
“ treated of with much penetration and
“ judgment. — This conversation, joined
“ to the tranquil calmness which then
“ reigned, awakened the unfortunate pre-
“ possession I once had felt, and even then
“ could not obliterate for my beloved
“ Beaumont.

“ Absorbed in reflection, I had struck
“ into another path from that in which
“ the friends were pursuing their way to
“ Mrs. Benson’s ; and, I believe, I should
“ not soon have perceived my neglect,
“ had I not been roused by the steps of
“ some one approaching ; who I soon dis-
“ covered, by the light of the moon, to
“ be the much dreaded collegian.—He ap-
“ peared heated with wine, but started on
“ seeing me alone, and then soon began
“ to utter some incoherent expressions,
“ which

“ which greatly alarmed me; from words
“ he proceeded to unwarrantable liberties,
“ and would have held me in his detested
“ arms, had I not, by a sudden resistance,
“ sprung from him, and ran I knew not
“ whither, he following, till I reached
“ the place where my strength failed me,
“ and I was humanely rescued by my ge-
“ nerous deliverers.”

Here, my *Emily*, did the fair *Spaniard* conclude her affecting history, for which she received the united thanks of Mrs. *Ramsay* and your *Sylvia*.—I have mentioned before that we sent to Mrs. *Whitworth*, by *Donna Clara*'s desire, as soon as she could possibly acquaint us with the residence of Mrs. *Benson*.—But how were we all agreeably amazed to see, in the first named lady, the very features of her I have described, as our hostess at the romantic cottage, where we also saw the lovely little *Harriot*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Whitworth* exhibited the greatest transport on seeing our charming *Spaniard*: —Mrs. *Benson* likewise soon paid us a visit, expressing the utmost abhorrence at her nephew's behaviour, whom she immediately forbad her house, and promised to make all the reparation in her power for his offence, by leaving the insulted *Clara* that portion she designed for him, which I believe is very considerable.

Thus you see, my *Emily*, virtue rewarded, and unprincipled vice receiving that neglect it deserves. — But the amiable *d'Altarez* would fain have waved this just decree in her favour, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to palliate the offence of young *Benson*: but his aunt remained immovable, and the very next day the alteration was made in her will. — She has also persuaded Mrs. *Whitworth* and our fair guest to leave their humble dwelling, and,

and, with little *Harriot*, to reside entirely with her.—This is already agreed upon, so that we esteem ourselves happy in having, on the other side the copse, such amiable acquaintances ; between whom and ourselves an intimate friendship seems already cemented.

I have been favoured with a sight of the formidable *Beaumont*'s picture, and really, *Emily*, (unless his limner flattered greatly) he totally eclipses all our boasted *British* champions ;—nay, there is hardly a *Harry* or a *Frederic* can come in competition with him ; but comparisons, they say, are odious, so I shall forbear, notwithstanding I am at too great a distance to fear any violent display of your ladyship's wrathful resentment.

Write soon,—remember it is your turn now, therefore begin, child, as soon as possible,

possible, nor dare to leave off till forbid by

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

LETTER XXI.

Miss MUSGRAVE to Miss BEVERLY.

AFTER first desiring the contents of this letter may remain an inviolable secret, I must acknowledge the justice of your commands, *Sylvia*; and I am infinitely happy to have it now in my power to satisfy your reasonable request.

But, first, receive a thousand thanks for fair *Clara*'s history, though an adventure of my own will not permit me time sufficient to animadvert thereon at present; but you may expect my remarks in some future epistle, when my mind is less engaged than at present.

Yet family affairs oblige me to inform you, that our intended tour to *Bath* is postponed, on what account I cannot declare positively, but I believe Lady *Susan* at length dreads visiting that gay receptacle; therefore I must be obliged to console myself without even a chance of seeing my *Swain*, who, by his last letters, acquaints me that he shall soon leave that place, (where he has been with the Duke of **** for near three weeks) to proceed with his noble uncle to the south of *France*, the physicians recommending the air of that kingdom as the last resource for the reparation of an injured constitution.

I have been this fortnight past on a visit to Miss *Constantia Maclefield*, the only child of the Colonel, who you must remember when in town. I believe that I mentioned this Madam *Gravity* to you then, whose studious inclination prevents her

her from frequently engaging in the gay amusement so much practised at St. James's: in short, *Sylvia*, she is almost a *Plato* in petticoats,—a meer piece of still life, in comparison of such fashionable females as my honoured mother and sister; yet, to do her justice, there is something in her manner, even to such a giddy brain as myself, that appears extremely agreeable; and notwithstanding the difference of our tempers, we are mightily pleased with each other's acquaintance: *my* vivacity is kept under proper restrictions by her solidity, and *her* gravity is hindered from sinking into downright gloominess, by a display of my volatile powers, so that a proper equilibrium is sustained.

The seat of Colonel *Macclesfield* is near ten miles from *Richly Park*, and known by the name of *Sedgeley Abbey*; its situation is delightful beyond imagination;—the

gardens spacious, and though not exactly correspondent to the present taste, display luxuriant Nature improved by the nicest Art : this agreeable seat stands within a quarter of a mile of the sea, which affords a most charming prospect from a building in the form of a gothic temple on the summit of a long terrace walk, and which is the constant residence of *Constantia*, whenever she is disposed for contemplation.

As she is the Colonel's only child, and her father's estate considerable, she has received many offers in respect to marriage, all of which have hitherto been declined ; and, if I am to believe her constant declaration, she will continue in the same disposition.—The Colonel, indeed, has often wished she was not quite so averse to that honourable state, as the old gentleman wants much to be a grand sire ; but however

ever he is too fond a parent to press her on a subject that appears disagreeable, and as she has now attained her twenty-seventh year, I apprehend she will continue in her fixed resolution to live and die a virgin.

Men are composed of materials too gross and turbulent for this placid nymph, whose affections are not to be won by rude unpolished mortals : no, no, my friend ! this fair platonic will not permit other intercourse than that of some airy Sylph, whose delicate texture and fine sensibility are correspondent to the element they inhabit.

What say you, *Sylvia*, to those refined conceptions ?—for my part, as I aspire to no more elevation of sentiment than a meer mortal, I expect only the addresses of one in mine own sphere ; and I freely confess those exalted ideas are rather too sublime for *Emily* ;—give me honest *Harry Pembroke*, though composed of the rude

materials of mortality, and let *Constantia* unenvied regard an aërial lover, decorated with glittering pinions, and all other resplendent endowments that fancy can suggest.

And now for an adventure, my friend, in the stile of delicate romance.—Indeed, *Sylvia*, you will hardly credit my tale; you will rather imagine my intimacy with this refined nymph has occasioned me to represent beautiful fiction, than artless reality; yet be assured the whole is justly correspondent with strictest truth.

Soon after my residence at *Sedgeley Abbey*, *Constantia* prevailed on me to take a morning's walk, which, by her desire, was before Aurora had well unbarred the eastern gates of heaven, that (as she expressed it) I might once in my life behold the dazzling splendor of the rising sun. Willing to oblige this fair enthusiast, I consented; and I must acknowledge, that I was abundantly

dantly repaid for leaving my pillow so much earlier than usual.

Constantia led me to a delightful prospect of the sea, from which the resplendent God of Day appeared ascending ; and indeed, never did any sight so infinitely inspire me : even at this moment do I wish for the expressive eloquence of a *Milton* to describe the glorious scene.—Faint and languid must be all attempts in me to delineate the prospect—the like of which, if you have ever really beheld, every description of mine would appear crude or insipid ; I shall therefore only say, that the delightful object occasioned the whole face of Nature to rejoice,—every hill and valley smiled,—the flocks and herds with grateful bleatings and expressive lowings, hail'd the God of Day ;—the feathered warblers chirped in concert,—and (to use the language of the inspired *Gesner*) “ soon began to pour

“ the musick of their little throats to *Him*,
“ who gave them voice and melody.”

Such united gratulations from those we esteem senseless animals, conspired to fill me with reverential awe;—and now a large field, wherein to expatiate, opened to *Constantia*, who began with all the fervor of a *Rowe* to examine the several beauties that surrounded us; and here it was that she shone, for her remarks were judiciously devout, yet, at the same time, free from those slavish fetters with which Superstition would encumber the mind.

Thus tranquil and serene we proceeded, still keeping the sea in view, upon our right hand,—when, on a sudden, we were surprised with pleasurable amazement, at the sound of soft harmony, resembling a flagelet, on the left.

My

My grave friend now looked with fixed attention, as if she imagined it the music of the spheres.—We however stopped, the better to attend from whence it proceeded, nothing appearing but the sea on one hand, and on the other a long range of chalky cliffs, on whose rocky summits no building whatever was seen ; — the nearer we proceeded towards the sound, the more it seemed to issue from one of the cliffs on a level with the ground on which we walked.—The music now ceased, and we plainly heard a manly voice express the following short but pathetic hymn of adoration.

“ Hail, dread Supreme ! Almighty Power divine !
 “ In whom Grace, Mercy, Love, and Truth combine ;
 “ Hail, bright resplendent orb ! whose bounteous rays
 “ Enliven all, and speak thy Maker’s praise ;
 “ Taught by thy constant progress, let me prove
 “ My firm obedience to the powers above ;
 “ Let no vain murmurings possess my breast,
 “ But in submission let my soul find rest,

“ Till the wish’d mandate from above be given,
“ To loose from earth what stops my flight to
“ heaven.”

When this was ended, I proposed to *Constantia* that we should return, being unwilling to intrude on the wished-for solitude of one so truly devout ;—but this adventure partly suiting her refined system, she begged me to stay, saying, “ Oh, Miss *Musgrave*, why will you neglect an opportunity thus favourable to behold so excellent a person as this must be.” To this I would have made some objection, but she appeared so desirous of staying, that I at length consented ; and advancing a little farther, discovered an old man dressed in a plain, decent garb ; his countenance, which exhibited pure health, was at once striking and agreeable ;—a sort of divine fervor beamed from his eyes, and a beard of a moderate length, white as the mountain snow, contributed to render his person truly

truly venerable. He was seated at the front of his rocky cell, seemingly fixed in contemplation, so that for a few minutes we had leisure to observe him without disturbing his reverie ;—at length he perceived us, and arose with some marks of surprise, but soon recovered his tranquility on hearing *Constantia* say, “ Pardon us, venerable father, for this intrusion, but my friend and I happening to walk this way, to enjoy the sweet serenity of the morning, we have been so fortunate as to hear your delightful melody, and devout ejaculation ; and I believe we shall ever esteem it the happiest moment of our lives, since it has convinced us that there is such a thing as real sublimity yet subsisting in this degenerate age.”—Here she stopped, when our Anchoret, with a benign aspect, replied, “ Your deportments seeming to correspond with your words, receive my welcome.—Enter my homely habitation,

“ if

“ if it be agreeable to you,—where you
“ may repose yourselves before you re-
“ turn.”

We accepted the friendly invitation, and on our entrance placed ourselves on a part of the rock that projected, as if design'd by Nature for a seat; for in this abode no appearance of human labour was visible, but all was the artless productions of her unerring hand, aided by *that* Power, whose single *fiat* brought those stupendous structures into being!

You see, *Sylvia*, how greatly I am improved since this sublime visit; but here let me confess, that I never before that morning esteemed myself *totally* ignorant; and really then, my friend, while listening to the refined sentiments of this venerable sage, and *Constantia*, I could not help regarding myself as a poor, despicable mortal!—Nay, hardly could I aspire to *that* title;

title ; for I actually imagined that I only resembled one of those fluttering insects, whose sole delight consists in basking in a sun-beam, to display the lustre of their painted wings ; unmindful that the most trivial accident may destroy not only their beauty but their life.

Constantia, charmed with his discourse, begged permission to visit him again ; to which the hermit answered :

“ It is twice ten years since first I made
“ this rock my only home ; during which
“ time my solitude has been a secret from
“ the whole world but—One ;—here have
“ I passed the rigour of twenty winters,
“ and felt the raging heat of as many dif-
“ ferent seasons ;—yet unmindful either of
“ December’s snow or August’s sultry sun,
“ I have lived content, —enjoying calm
“ felicity, by being secluded from the per-
“ fidious

“ fidious race of *Adam*! and partaking of
“ few more advantages in respect of sub-
“ fistance, than the animals who brouze
“ the mountain herbage.

“ Thus retired and unknown for so long
“ a time, I fondly hoped I might have
“ remained in the same state, till this
“ friendly rock, now my dwelling, might
“ have proved my sepulchre.—But as the
“ Almighty has pleased it should be other-
“ wise, I am happy in that my retirement
“ has been found by such fair inquisitives,
“ in whom I behold appearances of *that*
“ innocence I would fain persuade myself
“ is real.—I therefore accept your desire.
“ —Come then, my children, (continued
“ the good old man, with tears stealing
“ down his venerable cheeks) come to my
“ solitude as often as you please, provided
“ it be not later in the day than this hour,
“ least I should be farther known; and
“ let

“ let me also beg that you would keep my
“ hermitage a secret.—On these conditions
“ visit, when agreeable, *Him* whose ex-
“ ample may warn you how to guard
“ against deceit in the tumultuous world
“ we live in, and from whose instruction I
“ hope you may gain some knowledge.”

Then leading us to the entrance of his
cell, he said, “ Farewell, my children—
“ the day advances—may heaven preserve
“ you till you again see *Him*, who has bid
“ a last adieu to the whole race of mor-
“ tals except yourselves—and one friend
“ —alas ! the only one I have.

With this pathetic remonstrance and
permission we took our leaves, *Constantia*
the whole way home discoursing on no
other topic than the venerable sage.—
She, soon after we arrived, retired to her
beloved temple, while I instantly deter-
mined to give you, my *Sylvia*, an ac-
count

count of this extraordinary adventure ; but I was at that time withheld, by reflecting on the promise we had given our Anchoret, not to divulge the secret of his retirement ;—however, at breakfast I informed *Constantia* of the desire I had to send you word of it ; which she (ever tenacious of her steady adherence to truth) objected to, till such time as I might receive permission from the Sage himself.

This with much entreaty she at length promised to attempt to gain ; and at our third visit my wish was accomplished, though on no other terms than your observing *that* secrecy to which we were before enjoined.

Therefore remember, *Sylvia*, and strictly conform to what I prescribed at the beginning of my letter, or you must not expect to be favoured with the history of our

our Hermit's life and adventures before he entered this voluntary seclusion ; the which we have received his promise of hearing at our next interview.

Let me have your answer soon, that I may know the strength of your obedience, before you receive further intelligence from

EMILY MUSGRAVE.

LET.

LETTER XXII.

Miss BEVERLY to Miss MUSGRAVE.

REALLY, *Emily*, you have acquitted yourself so incomparably, that were I not sensible that you possess a small share of a foible so natural to our sex, I should be tempted to bestow infinite acknowledgments, praises, and so forth.—But I dare not, for fear of encreasing that said passion; a small particle of which may do well enough, but an addition would be absolutely unbearable.

Your Ladyship may strictly rely on my secrefy, I assure you, for I would fain know the history of this same Anchoret;—yet I cannot, for my life, believe that his sufferings have been so very severe, as to occasion the rigid rules he has so long prescribed himself.

Men,

Men, as you observe, are strange turbulent creatures, incapable of bearing the least controul:—Indeed, *Emily*, I often think they extend their expectations to much greater limits than was originally intended;—impatient to an excess in having their utmost wishes gratified; which, if they fail in, they are apt to inveigh bitterly, not only against the person perhaps, who occasions their disappointment, but, with a true cynical disposition, to snarl at the whole, and turn misanthropists—which I verily believe to be the case with your venerable sage;—yet, by the reception you and your grave friend met with, I am inclined to think a few more visits will soften the rigour of his resentment to the world; and we shall see you and your *Constantia* introduce, after twenty years voluntary retirement,—the Hermit to mankind.

Many

Many fine things have been written on the power of beauty,—some of which are true, no doubt:—Your adventure then, if it succeeds as I expect, will furnish further accounts of its infallibility.

For heaven's sake ! *Emily*! do not let *Miss Macclesfield* see this letter,—she will imagine I am the most improper person in the world to be intrusted with so important a secret.—Well, I will now endeavour to be more serious.

Frederic has again dared to mention his passion—is not this sufficient to occasion sober reflections. Alas ! what an embarrassing situation is mine?—*Mrs. Ramsay*, I believe, apprehends something, though her prudence hinders her from expressing it.

The youth, I verily think, has made *Donna Clara* his confidant, for every time I see

I see her she is continually bestowing such elaborate praises on him, as from any other person, perhaps, might not be so agreeable; but *her* tender thoughts remain still fixed on the beloved Chevalier; for when she would commend *Frederic*, she frequently says, with a heart-felt sigh—
“ Such was my once adored *Beaumont*!”

I suppose you will now enquire how I deigned to receive this second avowal?—Why, not quite with that haughty air before described;—yet—I desired him, if he valued my *friendship*, to forbear the mention of a circumstance which I must reject.

This placid answer did not seem to plunge my Damon into absolute despair; on the contrary, he flatters himself, I imagine, with the soothing sentiment in the old song, that “Friendship with *Sylvia* “is sister to Love;”—nearly allied, I confess,

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fefs, *Emily*,—but of this *he* must not be certain.

I yesterday received a letter from my aunt *Cowley*, who informs me, that she is preparing to attend her affectionate helpmate to *Scarborough*.—He has been indisposed for some time with various disorders, which the physicians have at length pronounced an inveterate scurvy.—Poor *Amanda*, notwithstanding the treatment she has received, expresses much affliction at his sufferings;—she is, undoubtedly, my *Emily*, a perfect pattern of patient tenderness—and seems desirous of acquiring the fortitude of an Angel, by persevering in her duty, and, of proving her fidelity to a brutal husband.

Yet, notwithstanding her example has unquestionable merit, I believe it will ever be more admired than imitated: the conduct of wives in general demonstrates the truth

truth of my remark, and I, at this instant, believe that *Amanda* stands alone for conjugal obedience, at least in so distressing a situation.

I forgot to tell you, *Emily*, that my beloved Mrs. *Ramsay* has been indisposed for a few days with a cold, though, thank heaven, with no symptoms to alarm us: —This you may readily imagine, otherwise it would have been my first intelligence.

We are, this afternoon, to be favoured with a visit from our amiable friends on the other side the copse; —Donna *Clara* has, as yet, received no accounts either from *France* or *Spain*, which, notwithstanding her present agreeable situation, appears to give her much anxiety; —we endeavour by every means in our power, to dispel her melancholy, for which purpose we are, this evening, to have a little

kind

kind of rural festivity, which is to conclude with—a ball.—Now none of your sarcastic smiles, *Emily*, at the polite epithet, since we shall certainly be as happy, nay, perhaps experience more real delight, than the glittering multitudes at *Almack's* or *Soho*.

I believe I must now conclude;—nay, in short, I may be positive,—as I have really nothing more to offer,—no new adventures to keep me scribbling for hours! —which task must now be yours, my friend;—remember, my curiosity waits, therefore proceed with your *Hermit* as soon as possible, to satisfy the impatience of your

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

L E T-

LETTER XXIII.

Miss Musgrave to Miss Beverly.

Richly Park.

ALAS! *Sylvia*! what mutable beings inhabit this transitory sphere! — You see, by the date of this letter, I have left *Sedgeley Abbey*, and without the satisfaction of knowing the Hermit's history; — affairs of greater moment in this place claim, at present, my whole attention. — Who would imagine the change a few months have made in the pleasing prospect of happiness, which my dear deluded father had promised himself? —

Alas! my amiable girl! the innocence and rectitude of your mind, hindered you from crediting the tale of honest *Lydia Trueman*; but, from what has happened,

there remains not the least doubt of her veracity.

Lady Susan is, indeed, *Sylvia*, the abandoned wanton!—she has actually eloped with her former paramour—*Morton*!—as has been discovered by a letter from him, which her Ladyship carelessly left in an open drawer.

Papa behaves (even yet, at times) with all the frenzy of distraction—the Countess of *L*—— appears stupified with grief and shame; in short, the whole house seems one continued scene of horror and confusion.—To add to our affliction, *Charlotte* has accompanied her perfidious Ladyship, —so that the situation of your *Emily* is not to be described.

It is now six days since I left *Sedgeley Abbey*;—poor *Trueman* was the messenger of this dreadful news;—the honest old man,

man, on his arrival, begged permission to see me alone. I was at the time with Miss *Macclesfield* in her beloved temple, when the servant entered and informed me of the steward's desire.

My heart shrunk at the message, and when I saw him with the tear stealing down his furrowed cheek, I dreaded to enquire the cause; but he soon broke silence, by saying, "Dear Miss *Emily*, let me beg you would hasten back to *Rickby Park*."—I then stammered out—"For heaven's sake, *Trueman*, what is the matter?—I hope no accident to my dear Papa—is he well? answer me quick I beg!"—He then related what had happened, and concluded, by assuring me, that the regard he entertained for his master, had induced him to fetch me, to administer what consolation was in my power to my suffering parent;—for that

the confusion was so great, I was not so much as thought of.—I returned him thanks for his dutious sensibility, and bidding *Constantia* farewell, after just hinting at the disagreeable reason of my departure, accompanied *Trueman* in the chariot he came in to *Ricbly Park*—and no sooner alighted than I flew to Papa's closet, where I heard he was alone.

On opening the door—Oh! *Sylvia!* what were my emotions when I saw him with his sword drawn, and horrid desperation in his countenance!—I threw myself on my knees, caught hold of the murderous weapon, exclaiming—“ My dear, “ my honoured father!”—I could no more, for a few moments,—my heart seemed bursting from my tortured bosom; —but heaven endued me with fortitude sufficient to support the conflict.—A gush of plenteous tears now came to my relief;

—I re-

—I removed the fatal sword from my beloved father's hand,—while he stood as if petrified with his own reflections;—his eyes were firmly rivetted on me, though I believe, for a few moments, I was foreign from his thoughts;—at length, with a deep-fetched sigh, and a look soon changed from horror to infinite tenderness, he said, “My *Emily*!”—then presented his hand in order to raise me, which I took and pressed to my lips with such fervour, that, in an instant, he caught the tender infection of sensibility; and, snatching me to his bosom, tears flowing as he spake, he said, “My child! my dearest “*Emily*! what preventing angel hath sent “*thee* here, to hinder my committing the “unpardonable crime of suicide!”—Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, “Oh! gracious *God*! forgive the intended “rashness of thy servant!”—Turning again to me, he continued his supplica-

tion, by saying, “ and may thy boundless
“ mercies be showered on my child, who,
“ by thine infinite compassion has been
“ ordained the instrument of my prefer-
“ vation ! ”

He now seemed more composed, and seating me by him, said, “ My dear *Emily*,
“ the ungrateful *Lady Susan* has left me !
“ —eloped from her indulgent husband,
“ to the guilty embraces of an infamous
“ adulterer ! —Thy sister too, ungracious
“ girl ! has attended her abandoned mo-
“ ther ! —Have I not, therefore, reason
“ for my madness—madness most exqui-
“ site ! ” —Here I was fearful the storm of
resentful sorrow would overpower him,—
I therefore endeavoured the utmost in my
feeble power to enforce such arguments as
I judged most conducive to calm his
thoughts, and, undoubtedly, some superior
being assisted the pious purpose ; for you
are

are certain, *Sylvia*, my abilities never reached so high as administering consolation in the most trivial afflictions:—How then, unless aided by some eloquent and pitying angel, could I have spoke comfort to one under such accumulated sufferings?—

The arguments I used wrought, in great measure, the wished-for effect, and, after two hours conference with my dear father, we left the closet, and I had the supreme satisfaction of receiving his faithful promise to attempt the horrid purpose no more, which my presence had happily prevented.—This I had no reason to doubt, as his acknowledgments to the Divine Being were so expressive, that his whole soul seemed rapt in fervent praise and adoration.

My next visit was to the Countess, whom I found feated in a fixed melancholy: she, however, rose on my entering the dressing-

room, and pressing my hand, was unable, for a few moments, to utter the least syllable ; — I seated myself near her, and broke the affecting silence by saying, “ My dearest Madam, if it be possible for me to mitigate in the least, the remembrance of an unhappy circumstance, let me beg you would receive my utmost efforts for the purpose.” — I would have proceeded, but her Ladyship interrupted me by exclaiming — “ Oh ! Miss *Emily* ! is it possible you can endeavour to relieve the sufferings of *her* who is the wretched parent of an abandoned wanton ; who, deaf to the suggestions of honour, virtue, and every social perfection, has rendered your worthy father miserable ! — Alas ! you cannot ! — justice, and the duty of a child forbids ; — the sufferings of Sir *Robert* will justify reproof, should you upbraid me with being the mother of his adulterous wife !

“ — and

“—and impute even her worst crime to
“my account.—All this I could readily
“admit as just,—then do not, by your
“amiable intent, silence the cries of laud-
“able resentment; nor, by a mistaken
“generosity, endeavour to administer *that*
“consolation I am unworthy to receive.”

This self-accusation I was incapable of listening to any longer; I therefore told her Ladyship that I must take the liberty of dissenting from her ideas of justice;—that her notions respecting the crime of Lady *Susan* were carried (in regard to herself) to too great a length, as, in my opinion, none but the most malevolent could think of upbraiding an innocent person with the fault of the guilty, how close-foever they may be allied by the ties of blood or affinity, as even her Ladyship's near relation to Lady *Susan* must subject her to feel the utmost anxiety, without

E 5. receiving;

receiving any of those cruel additional sarcasms she had just mentioned.

This, and much more to the same effect, at length seemed to afford the Countess much consolation ;—and let me acknowledge, *Sylvia*, though this was the first time, in my volatile state of existence, that I ever attempted to deliver sentiments so grave, so fraught, with endeavours to comfort the oppressed ; I succeeded so far beyond even my hopes, that I experienced that heart-felt satisfaction, which ever will attend such laudable intentions.—Indeed, my sweet friend, the success I met with in this new character, has almost made me resolve to despise the false glare of that jocund pleasantry which I before encouraged,—to turn female Philanthropos, and devote my every power to administer consolation to the afflicted.

Were

Were *Constantia* with me, how would she applaud this excellent intent, and recommend constant practice for attaining the beneficent purpose.—If this will really accomplish my future character, I apprehend my present situation will supply ample means for perseverance, as both Papa and the amiable Countess seem to demand my most assiduous care, to prevent their sinking into that abyss of melancholy, from which my presence happily relieved them.

Oh ! Vice ! thou destructive tyrant ! not even the glittering pleasures, with which thou at first fascinates thy deluded votaries, can hinder thee from being regarded by the friends of virtue, as a monster horrid and detestable:—Nay, even to thy followers, the promised fields of happiness, and every gratification that for a moment intoxicates, vanishes on the first

first approach of sacred Truth! who, in an instant, changes the dazzling prospect into a gloomy desart, divests thee of thy bewitching garb, and leaves thee exposed in thine own detested form, loathsome and horrible!—Then too late they find, the portion that thou leavest consists only in thy execrable companions—Remorse and fell Despair! these continue constant attendants both sleeping and awake, scourging with scorpion whips each recollective faculty!

Such a situation, to those aliens from virtue, must be regarded as just:—But how is thy tyranny to be abhorred and feared, when, by thy means, the innocent are involved in deep affliction; by the fatal transgressions of the guilty!—Had Vice not reigned, and the deluded Lady *Susan* not listened to its destructive counsel, my dear father and the worthy Countess had

had not experienced those arrows of affliction with which their bosoms are at present wounded.

I know my *Sylvia* will readily admit these sentiments, though uttered by one whose sprightly disposition will hardly be deemed capable of thinking on such grave harrangues; yet I assure you, my friend, the present unhappiness that reigns at *Rickly Park*, has considerably abridged the former vivacity of *her*, who, notwithstanding, either grave or gay, will ever remain unalterably yours,

EMILY MUSGRAVE.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Miss BEVERLY to Miss MUSGRAVE.

BELIEVE me, *Emily*, when I assure you how sincerely I participate in your present distress ; the sufferings of Sir *Robert* and the amiable Countess, sensibly affect your *Sylvia*.

Our dear Mrs. *Ramsay* is at present much indisposed, so that your letter, fraught with such moral sentiments, was more welcome at this time than would have been the utmost display of those volatile powers I know you possess.

Yes, *Emily*, there is (as the wisest of monarchs informs us) "a time for all things ;"—a time when even youth it-
 felt,

self, flush'd with the enjoyments of health and affluence, should forget the circling round of pleasure and delight, to reflect on the transitory possession of temporal gratifications;—meditate on the several distinctions of Vice and Virtue, and by holding the balance with an equal hand, be able to give the preference as our inward monitor shall direct.

Your admirable delineation of what succeeds a vicious course, had such an effect, that even my sleeping imaginations were engaged, and continued the waking reverie.—I will not pretend to promise you equal satisfaction to what reading the delightful Visions of *Mirza* might afford, yet as there appeared a more regular chain of events than we commonly experience in a dream, I will venture to relate the whole as it occurred.

Methought

Methought I was attended by an aërial Genius to a vast plain, divided into two distinct roads, each of which terminated by a temple of a lofty structure ;—the path on the right hand appeared regular, except here and there small risings, in a direction almost perpendicular, on the top of which was erected an arch, bearing on an entablature an inscription, which, at the distance I was placed, could not then be read ;—that on the left was equally wide, appeared less regular than the other, had none of those ascents, but an equal number of arches, with inscriptions likewise, unintelligible on account of the distance.

I was about to enquire of my aërial guide the meaning of what I beheld, when with a celestial smile he bade me observe and learn.

These words were no sooner uttered, than I saw an innumerable company of both

both sexes, and different ages, advancing to enter the roads.—The spirit that attended me waved a silver wand, and I instantly observed a number of winged boys, amazingly beautiful, fluttering round us, and seeming intent, by frequently pointing to the temple at the end, to divert the footsteps of the multitude towards the right-hand road. Some few attended to these blooming advisers, but the greater part listened to the suggestions of three females of exquisite charms, who appeared at the entrance on the left ;—their garments were rich and splendid, and on their countenance seemed to set an everlasting bloom of youth ;—they carried small slips of gilded vellum on their hands, which they shewed to the multitude to attract their regard ;—I could plainly discover that on the first was written **CONSTANT FESTIVITY** ;—on the second, **CONTINUAL DE-**

LIGHT :

LIGHT ;—and on the third NEVER-ENDING
PLEASURE.

As the travellers continued their course, I was conveyed by my friendly guide in such a manner that we seemed to traverse the air just over their heads, whereby I could discern their every motion.

We were now so near the first arch, that I could plainly read the inscriptions ; that on the left was INBOLENT EASE,—through which the multitude passed with every apparent symptom of careless mirth ;—the other on the right was LAUDABLE INDUSTRY, which the few travelling that road had some difficulty of attaining, by reason of the steep ascent at the entrance ; but who, on their raising their eyes to the little blooming sylphs, received immediate assistance by their extending wands of ivory, on which were inscribed in silver letters, THE AIDS OF VIRTUE ;—these they no sooner

sooner touched, than they gained the summit, and passed the arch with a calm but grateful satisfaction.

The distance of one road from the other was, at the beginning, but a small space, so that those on the right received many opprobrious taunts from the others, for taking so much unnecessary pains in passing the arch, when they had gone thro' theirs with infinite ease and pleasure.—I also observed, that there were cross paths, which led from one road to the other; tolerably easy at the beginning, but so rugged when farther advanced, especially from the left to the right, that some who would fain have entered were dismayed; however, I beheld a few who had proceeded far in the left hand road, and who, being encouraged by the little celestials, had fortitude enough to persevere, notwithstanding the insinuations of the three females, who

who endeavoured by every insidious art to restrain them, upbraiding them at the same time with leaving the promised happinesses expressed on their scrolls.

I also observed with infinite surprize, some who had entered and attained many ascents on the right, turn aside and mix with the gay unthinking multitude on the left.

When they had passed all the arches, I beheld, as they drew near the temple, the cross paths ceased, so that it was impossible for either part to join the other.

I cannot remember every of the inscriptions; some few, however, I am able to recollect; as **LUXURY, SENSUALITY, VOLUPTUOUSNESS, LIBIDINOUS DELIGHTS, and WORLDLY GRATIFICATIONS** on the left; **GENEROSITY, PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE,**

RANCE, CHASTITY, and CALM TRANQUILTY on the right.

The arches passed, the remainder of those who had entered the roads prepared to enter the temples.—Indeed few who had engaged on the right were missing, but a prodigious number had failed on the left; some reached no farther than the arch of LUXURY, and then dropped into a gloomy cave, many of which were placed on one side of the arches; some attained VOLUPTUOUSNESS, and then disappeared;—many fell at LIBIDINOUS DELIGHTS, and, in short, so few passed the last arch, that tho' at the beginning their numbers far surpassed those on the right, yet on entering the temples, the latter had rather the advantage.

When we drew near to the portal of that on the right, the travellers were received by a benevolent spirit, who hailing them in

in a melodious voice, bade them enter, and receive from VIRTUE herself the reward of their toils.

My friendly guide attended me into the presence of the goddess, who was seated on a throne of ivory, enriched with diamonds; her garments were at once modest and elegant, and so divine an emanation beamed from her eyes, as inspired all around her with celestial sensations;—with a placid and heavenly smile she welcomed them to her temple, where Perfect Felicity waited to crown their warfare. I was extremely unwilling to leave this delightful place, especially as, methought, the Goddess deigned to smile on *me* also, who had not experienced such numerous difficulties; but my aërial guide compelled me to be a witness of the reception of the other travellers.

Accordingly

Accordingly he transported me to the left-hand temple, where a ghastly phantom waited to receive the deluded company, with a countenance betokening revenge and fury. I shrunk back at his appearance, as did also those who waited for admittance; but a secret power urged them to advance, and fulfil the words of this gloomy porter, who with a voice dismal and hollow as the depths of *Erebus*, said, “Enter, and receive from VICE the utmost of your deserts.”

We soon had a distinct view of the malignant power, whom radiant Truth had divested of her fallacious garment, that we might behold her as she really is,—deformed and horrible!

Her votaries started with inconceivable dismay at her appearance, always imagining her more beautiful than those three females who had first ensnared them to the

the left-hand road.—Those also now advanced, arrayed as at first; but no sooner had Truth darted one look, than they appeared (except Vice herself) the most execrable phantoms that can be imagined; they still held the vellum scroll in their hands, but instead of the before-mentioned words of **CONSTANT FESTIVITY, CONTINUAL DELIGHTS, and NEVER-ENDING PLEASURE**, written in letters of gold; there now appeared in bloody characters, **ETERNAL REMORSE, EVERLASTING DESPAIR, and NEVER-ENDING DEATH.**

The gloomy empress of this dire abode now waved an ebon wand, and instantly a cave fraught with every woe, opened at the pitchy throne; into which, amidst the shrieks and groans of ten thousand deluded wretches, long inhabitants of the dismal void, the affrighted travellers were hurled.

The

The terrible outcry roused me from this affecting vision, and I awaked in the greatest perturbation imaginable. — Thus you see, *Emily*, what an amazing effect your remarks have occasioned in your friend.—Adieu, my dear girl, I have as it were just snatched time to send you the foregoing, as I almost regret every moment that is not spent in the chamber of dear Mrs. *Ramsay*, of whom I hope I shall shortly be able to send a better account.— She is indeed, *Emily*, very indifferent; so that, except yourself, I know not one person in the world who should engross the least portion of the present hours so much valued by

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

LETTER XXV.

Miss MUSGRAVE to Miss BEVERLY.

THANK heaven, *Sylvia*, part of our affliction is lessened by the return of *Charlotte*, who, like a female prodigal, appears with the deepest contrition for her late breach of duty.

Papa has received her with such paternal forgiveness, that unless her heart be more susceptible of bad impressions than I sincerely hope it is, I believe I may venture to declare that she will never be guilty of a deviation from duteous affection.

How does my *Sylvia* imagine this change in *Charlotte*'s sentiments was wrought? not by the interposition of those blooming sylphs alone, whom you so charmingly describe

scribe in your pathetic dream ;—no, indeed, my friend ! how far their beneficent influence might corroborate the attempts of a mortal, I know not, but we are actually beholden to honest *Harry Pembroke* for her *first* return to duty.

This assertion will no doubt surprise you, till I shall clear up the seeming mystery.— Thus then it was :

The fugitives, attended by the vile *Morton*, had determined the gay kingdom of *France* should be their first tour ; accordingly, after staying two days in *London*, they sat out for *Dover*, but the wind being very high on their arrival at that port, and continuing so for some days, they were fearful of venturing to *Calais*.

This obliged them to remain secret during their stay in *England*, for fear of any pursuit my dear father might make after

them; though this they needed not to have apprehended, as his distraction rendered him incapable of such measures; but behold! they met with a discovery where they least imagined it.—You may remember that I informed you that *Harry* accompanied his uncle to the south of *France* about a month since, for the recovery of his health; from which place the Duke has received so much benefit, that his nephew obtained permission to make a trip to *England*, under pretence of business; but (if I may believe him) a desire of seeing *my* ladyship was the most prevailing spur toward visiting his native kingdom; and imagining the surprize would be agreeable, forbore any mention to me of his design.

He landed at *Dover* on the very day the guilty pair and my sister intended to embark for *Calais*. Soon after his arrival, he chanced

chanced to see *Charlotte* at a window, ready equipped for the voyage.

The house being a public one, for the resort of all persons, he entered without any ceremony, impatient to enquire if I was with her. On being shewed the apartment, in which also was Lady *Susan* and *Morton*, he observed a visible embarrassment both in her Ladyship and my sister, the former rushing out of the room with such rude precipitancy as greatly amazed him. *Morton* also soon disappeared, and *Charlotte* would have followed, but Mr. *Pembroke* caught hold of her gown, saying at the same time, "for heaven's sake, " Miss *Musgrave*, what is the reason of "this behaviour."

Charlotte desired him, with marks of evident confusion, to let her follow Lady *Susan*; adding, that business of consequence obliged her to be in haste.

Harry has since declared, that at that moment he apprehended something of the truth, to which the sight of *Morton* greatly contributed; whose face he well remembered, having once witnessed to his being turned out of one of the public rooms at *Tunbridge*, for illicit practices at the card table.—He therefore resolutely determined to know the truth from *Charlotte*, before he would permit her to leave him;—to which intent he said, “ Let my regard for “ your family, Miss *Musgrave*, excuse my “ seeming rudeness, but before I proceed, “ answer me, I beg, how you and Lady “ *Susan* fell into company with so despica- “ ble a wretch as *Him* who just left the “ room ?”

Charlotte would have bustled away with a few reproachful airs, but *Harry* remained inflexible; and then demanded if Papa knew of their being at *Dover*? to this she made

made some evasive answer; till at length, overcome by his steady resolution of knowing the whole, she confessed that her Ladyship had taken the tour unknown to any one, and that they had intended going to *Calais* that evening.

On hearing this Mr. *Pembroke* rang the bell, and enquired if the lady and gentleman who left that room about half an hour before were yet in the house, being determined, if possible, to part her Ladyship from her scandalous paramour; but he was answered by the waiter, that they had taken a post chaise and four the instant they left the room, in which was placed their several boxes, &c. and had ordered the boys to drive towards *London*.

On hearing this account, *Charlotte's* courage entirely forsook her; she burst into tears, exclaiming, "Perfidious Lady *Susan*, " is it thus you repay my attachment to

" your foibles?—Oh Mr. *Pembroke*, how
" shall I ever be able to meet the just re-
" sentment of an injured parent."

Harry endeavoured to compose her, and proposed instantly setting out in pursuit of them, though he hinted that he was fearful the intent would prove fruitless, as they no doubt proceeded on a different road from what they had delared; but that he would, with her approbation, immediately order a chaise, and set off for *London*.

Charlotte, with all the bitterness of reflection, acquiesced with this proposal, on which the chaise was got ready. But as they were leaving the room, the master of the house produced a bill for their expences during their stay at *Dover*, adding, that both the lady and gentleman had told him she would discharge the whole, as
they

they could not possibly stay till it was made out.

Poor *Charlotte*'s dilemma was now too great to be described; on inspection she found the bill amounted to near fifteen pounds, which sum was infinitely more than she could pay; and she had also the mortification to find, that in her Ladyship's hurry she had taken every thing that belonged to *her* with the rest of the baggage, being all packed up together ready for their embarkation.

She, however, was not reduced to the disagreeable necessity of soliciting Mr. *Pembroke* to discharge this account. — The generous *Harry* hearing the demand, and being a witness to her dilemma, instantly paid the whole without the least enquiry. When *Charlotte*, unable to express her acknowledgments, seated herself in the chaise; my gallant swain placed himself by her,

and ordered the drivers to proceed, with as much expedition as possible, to *Canterbury*. He made frequent enquiries after the indiscreet *Lady Susan*, and her dissolute companion, but received not the least information through the whole journey; they reached *London* early in the evening, when *Mr. Pembroke*, after seeing her safe in — *Square*, took his leave, promising to call next morning, and, if agreeable, to attend her to *Rickly Park*.

He then left *Charlotte* to her own reflections, which were not very entertaining, you may believe, *Sylvia*.—My swain was as good as his word, and yesterday morning about eleven o'clock, as I was sitting in my dressing-room (which overlooks the court) reading for almost the fiftieth time your amusing letter, on a sudden I was rouzed from my agreeable employment by the sound of a carriage driving smartly towards the house.

I soon

I soon knew the livery to be Mr. *Pembroke's*, at which, *Sylvia*, I acknowledge with my usual frankness, (at least to you) that my foolish fluttering heart did vibrate a little, that is certain ; — but joy and astonishment considerably encreased, when I saw *Harry* hand *Charlotte* from the chaise ; I flew down stairs with the utmost precipitancy, lest she should occasion disorder in the Countess or Papa, by a too sudden appearance, and was fortunate enough to see her first.

Poor *Charlotte* no sooner beheld me, than with visible marks of contrition she grasped my hand, saying, “ Dear *Emily*, let me beg “ you would convey me somewhere in pri- “ vate for a short time, before I appear “ before my offended father.”

As I judged this was no very proper time for enquiry, I just satisfied the impatience of my swain, by permitting him to

to kiss my hand, (which I verily thought he would have devoured) and after charging him not to mention *Charlotte's* arrival, I conducted my repentant sister, unseen, up a pair of back stairs, to my dressing-room, where my time was employed for above an hour in speaking the most comforting and soothing words, to enable her to go through the intended interview with *Papa*; after which I left her with *Hawley*, (who is really a good woman) while I went down stairs to consult with *Harry*, but I found the youth and *Papa* together in the saloon.

My dear father, amidst all his unhappy reflections, appeared infinitely rejoiced to see him; and on my entering the room he said, "My dear *Emily*, where were you
"when Mr. *Pembroke* came?" — Then turning to *Harry*, without waiting my answer, he continued, "How happy am I
"amidst

“ amidst all my sufferings, to have *one*
“ child I yet can call so; receive her from
“ me as the greatest blessing you can covet.

“ —Oh! Mr. *Pembroke*! you know not
“ half her worth,—she is, *indeed*, a child.”

—This tender speech occasioned the tear
to start in my eyes, which *Harry* observing,
and imagining, by Papa’s endearing de-
claration, that he was authorized to regard
me from that moment as his own; he
caught me in his arms, and pressed my
lips with such uncommon fervour, that my
face was instantly covered with a crimson
glow.

He soon perceived that he had been ra-
ther too violent in his proceeding, therefore
gently quitting me, he looked a little silly,
but bowed respectfully, and begged my
pardon for the liberty he had taken: so
penitential a request I could not avoid
granting; and then turning to Papa, I said,

“ You

110 THE ANCHORET.

“ You see, dear Sir, how fatal it is to
“ bestow such affectionate epithets on your
“ *Emily* before this boisterous youth, who
“ has confessed himself my lover; since,
“ no doubt, (nay, I must believe it so as
“ an excuse for him) that was the reason
“ that urged him to be thus daring.”

When I had finished this speech, the culprit seemed ready to transgress again; while I, impatient to break the secret of Charlotte's return, appeared not to regard him, but accosted Papa by saying, “ You
“ were pleased, dear Sir, to declare just
“ now, that you had *one* child whom you
“ could call so,—what would my beloved
“ parent say to his *Emily*, if she should
“ produce him another, on whom he might
“ bestow the same endearing title.”

“ If you mean Mr. *Pembroke*, my *Emily*,
“ (answered Papa) I am certain I shall
“ have

“ have no reason to regard him in any
“ other light.”

This stricture, on my intended design of introducing *Charlotte*, I did not expect; therefore, for a few moments, in my turn, looked a little disconcerted, while I could observe infinite delight sparkle in the eyes of my enraptured swain.—However, soon recovering myself, I continued to address Papa by saying, “ That you entertain an high opinion of Mr. *Pembroke* I know, “ Sir, otherwise I am certain you would not recommend him to your *Emily*; “ but, for the present, let me assure my dear Papa, that he is not the child I would be thought to mean—at this instant I would fain be understood to speak of—another daughter!—Yes, my ever dear and honoured father, (continued I, observing he started at the word) would you permit your *Emily* to introduce, “ were

“ were it possible, your repentant *Charlotte?*”

“ *Charlotte!* (hastily interrupted Papa)—
“ mock not my sufferings, child;—that
“ ungracious girl is too far corrupted by
“ her abandoned mother, ever to think of
“ returning to her duty.”

“ Be not too hasty in your conclusions,
“ Sir *Robert*, (replied *Harry*, smiling) may
“ I beg you would answer *me* one question,
“ which is, that if I, or any other person
“ had convinced Miss *Muggrave* of her
“ error, and had then conducted the trem-
“ bling contrite maid to your presence,
“ would you extend a parent’s pity, and
“ —forgive her?”

“ Heaven grant I had the trial! (re-
“ turned Papa) but, till that arrives, I
“ know not how I should behave;—yet
“ how came you, dear *Pembroke*, (con-
“ tinued he) to know the least of what I
“ have

“ have suffered?”—To which *Harry* answered, “ A short time, I hope, Sir *Robert*,
“ may clear up this and greater mysteries :
“ —but let me resume the topic of Miss
“ *Musgrave* ; let me hear you say you
“ would forgive her ;—you must—indeed
“ you must.”

Here I joined Mr. *Pembroke* with such ardour, that Papa, greatly moved at our united endeavours to gain a pardon for one whom, as yet, he could not believe so near, at length replied, “ Your solicitations have almost subdued my resentment ; and was my *Charlotte* present, appearing with that contrition you seem to think she feels for her past indiscretions, I believe—I should—forgive her.”

The door now, on a sudden, opened, and my sister rushed in, throwing herself at Papa’s feet, and exclaiming, “ Let me
“ then,

“ were it possible, your repentant *Charlotte?*”

“ *Charlotte!* (hastily interrupted Papa)—
“ mock not my sufferings, child;—that
“ ungracious girl is too far corrupted by
“ her abandoned mother, ever to think of
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“ Be not too hasty in your conclusions,
“ Sir *Robert*, (replied *Harry*, smiling) may
“ I beg you would answer me one question,
“ which is, that if I, or any other person
“ had convinced Miss *Mussgrave* of her
“ error, and had then conducted the trem-
“ bling contrite maid to your presence,
“ would you extend a parent’s pity, and
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“ know not how I should behave;—yet
“ how came you, dear *Pembroke*, (con-
“ tinued he) to know the least of what I
“ have

“ have suffered?”—To which *Harry* answered, “ A short time, I hope, Sir *Robert*, “ may clear up this and greater mysteries: “ —but let me resume the topic of Miss “ *Musgrave*; let me hear you say you “ would forgive her;—you must—indeed “ you must.”

Here I joined Mr. *Pembroke* with such ardour, that Papa, greatly moved at our united endeavours to gain a pardon for one whom, as yet, he could not believe so near, at length replied, “ Your solicitations have almost subdued my resentment; and was my *Charlotte* present, “ appearing with that contrition you seem “ to think she feels for her past indiscretions, I believe—I should—forgive “ her.”

The door now, on a sudden, opened, and my sister rushed in, throwing herself at Papa’s feet, and exclaiming, “ Let me “ then,

“ then, unworthy as I am, receive the
“ wished-for pardon from you, my dear,
“ my injured parent!”—Her feelings were
too exquisite for farther utterance, but a
torrent of tears soon gave ease, and clasping
Papa’s extended hand, she said, “ And
“ does my indulgent father condescend to
“ forgive his repenting daughter?”—“ I
“ do—I do— (answered he) rise *Charlotte*
“ —thou art again my child.”

Here the sensations of both (nay, in-
indeed, of us all) were too affecting to be
properly described; but, after mutual con-
gratulations, and *Harry*’s promising to de-
liver a particular account to Papa, of
every circumstance I have before related,
it was agreed that I should break the affair
to the Countess as soon as possible;—but
this intent proved needless, by her Lady-
ship’s now entering the saloon, having
been

been apprized, in a proper manner, by her woman *Hawley*.

She received *Charlotte* with polite affection, yet betrayed a degree of heart-felt woe on enquiring concerning *Lady Susan*.

Mr. *Pembroke* waved the subject, by only saying, that though he could not directly promise, yet he sincerely hoped that a short time would return her Ladyship to her duty, and make her conceive a just abhorrence of her indiscretions.—He then endeavoured to turn the conversation on more general topics, which, at length, had the desired effect; therefore I shall, for the present, *Sylvia*, follow my swain's laudable example; and, after wishing our dear *Mrs. Ramsay* a speedy recovery, I will drop a subject that has, for so long a time, employed the scribbling faculties of your

EMILY MUSGRAVE.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Miss BEVERLY to Miss MUSGRAVE.

WERE it possible, *Emily*, my present sufferings could receive alleviation, the return of your sister to her duty would considerably delight me ; — but, alas ! the severe illness under which the worthy Mrs. *Ramsay* at this time labours, entirely engrosses my every faculty, and all sensations of joy appear fled and gone from the bosom of your *Sylvia*.

The indisposition, which we at first flattered ourselves was trivial, has greatly increased ; the dear woman is now attacked with a violent fever, whose excruciating remorseless force seems to baffle the skill of her physicians.

Poor

Poor *Frederic*'s filial duty and affection is now so strongly depicted in every word and action, that he never appeared so amiable as at this crisis.—But as tender sensations, at this melancholy period, would be improperly expressed, we seem as brother and sister, mutually engaged in one common affliction; while our every assistance is jointly allied, to administer all the relief in our power to our dear—our beloved mother.

All gracious heaven, prevent what I this instant dread!—Oh! *Emily*! I am now summoned to attend her.—Pray for your friend—pray for my more than mother.

Adieu.

IX

IN CONTINUATION.

OH! my *Emily*! what a scene am I returned from;—if possible, let me command my eyes from flowing till I have told you all, lest tears should obliterate the traces of my pen.

On entering the chamber, I beheld the dear woman raised in bed by her attendants, and *Frederic* on his knees by her side;—when she saw me, she ordered every one to leave the room but her son and myself;—I then flew to the bed-side, and kissing her burning hand, said, as I moistened it with my tears, “ My dearest Madam, what can your *Sylvia* do to give you ease?”—

Regarding me with eyes of exquisite tenderness, she said, “ My beloved Miss *Beverly*,

“ *Beverly*, it is not this moment only that
“ I have been sensible of your affection ;
“ — but as the decrees of all-gracious
“ Providence are inscrutable, and finding
“ myself possessed of reason at this instant,
“ I have sent for you and *Frederic* that I
“ may disclose a secret, which, till now,
“ I was unable to discover.” — Then look-
ing at us both with equal placid love, she
continued, addressing herself more par-
ticularly to *Frederic*.

“ My dear children (you especially, my
“ son) have often hinted, that there was
“ some mystery in my life which I ever
“ strove to conceal ; — and though to the
“ will of heaven I readily submit in all
“ its divine decrees, yet, as my recovery
“ appears doubtful, the time is now ar-
“ rived, when, in consideration of your
“ being both equally dear — both your just
“ curiosities shall be satisfied.

“ You,

“ You, *Frederic*, shall no longer ask in
“ vain, who the father was from whom
“ you owe your being ;—take this key,
“ and in that little cabinet, which dear
“ Miss *Beverly* has often admired, you
“ will find the whole detail of my life and
“ misfortunes.”—Then turning to me,
and pressing my hand with a mother’s fond-
ness, she softly said, “ mayst thou be hap-
“ py, my sweet child ;—I cannot wonder
“ at *Frederic*’s being conquered by thy
“ amiable perfections :—Yes, my dear
“ *Sylvia*, I have long in secret beheld his
“ passion, and though his birth may claim
“ some merit, alas ! in every other respect
“ he falls far short of thy deserts.—But I
“ can no more.”

Pressing our hands with a divine com-
posure in her uplifted eyes, she blessed us
both, and then begged to be alone.

We left the chamber, and, after sending
in the nurse and *Jenny*, I retired to my
dressing-

dressing-room, where I gave free scope to my withheld tears ; yet in all my deep affliction, the calm tranquility, with which the dear woman seemed to wait the king of terrors, brought to my mind the following words of the inspired Doctor Young, who, with devout energy, declares :

The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.

Adieu, my *Emily*, the curiosity I have long had, to know the secret of this dear woman's life, seems, at present, entirely suspended, by the only wish that now employs my every thought—a constant prayer for her recovery—in this I am sensible my friend will join with her

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

LETTER XXVII.

From the same, to the same.

REJOICE with me, my *Emily*, when I shall inform you that our dear, our amiable Mrs. *Ramsay* is now judged out of danger.—Last night, through the care and skill of her physician, assisted by the indulgent hand of heaven, the fever abated, and is now brought to an intermission, which they pronounce favourable to our wishes; so that we may yet expect a longer continuance of her valuable life.

Were I only to express my joy and gratitude for this unexpected blessing, I should write for hours on no other subject; but I must now listen to the ardent desire of restrained curiosity, and attend *Frederic*, who, though he has been in possession of the

the secret mentioned in my last these three days, has yet forbore inspecting it, till the wellcome declaration of his mother's being past danger; and even when *that* was pronounced, he, with the most filial duty, offered to return the sealed paper to her hands, without gratifying that curiosity he has so long wished to indulge.

The dear woman applauded his respectful restraint, yet told him, with a benign smile, that she could no longer doubt his discretion, and therefore bade him communicate the contents to me; and, knowing the friendship that subsists between me and my *Emily*, she has also consented to my imparting the whole to you.—I am this instant desired to attend to this long-concealed history of our dear and amiable mother, and will, as soon as possible, transmfit the whole to my friend, till when farewell.

S. B.

G 2

IN

IN CONTINUATION,

I AM just returned from hearing the important secret.—Important indeed, *Emily!*—Good heavens!—what a transition, from one extreme to the other, has been experienced by this amiable—
—Oh! my friend! I know not what word should follow!—yet a *woman* she undoubtedly is, though raised by birth to claim (according to the stile of worldly distinctions) a higher title!—

By me, indeed, without that consideration, were it possible to bestow a more exalted epithet on one of the female race, the highest might be justly appropriated to the amiable, the suffering—Lady *Silena Mellville*.

Methinks

Methinks I can observe the surprise my *Emily* betrays, at reading this new-acquired title of *her*, who so lately was regarded only as our dear Mrs. *Ramsay*;—but let me desist from farther digression, and, by recommending the inclosed to your perusal, solve every imaginary doubt.—When you have gone through the whole, let me have your unfeigned sentiments on some particulars, which, at present, rather flatter than depress the hopes of—your

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

The Memoirs of Lady SILENA MELLVILLE.

Written by herself.

IF being descended from a long race of illustrious ancestors (whose sons might boast of bravery, and their daughters of virtue) could insure felicity, the writer of these sheets had not felt the rigour of an adverse fate:—But, alas! not birth, fortune, or (what is infinitely more valuable) honour and integrity, can exclude the approach of rigorous misfortunes; especially when *one* alien from mortal rectitude, by fatal indiscretion, urges the force of dire calamity.

I was the youngest child of the Earl of *****—a nobleman of considerable fortune in the North of *Scotland*, possessing an estate of fifteen thousand pounds a year, besides a large sum in the *Bank of England*,

England, designed as portions for me and my sister: this was accumulated by prudent savings from the family estate, which was entirely to descend to our only brother Lord *Melville*, a youth of shining qualifications, and intrinsic worth.

It had pleased heaven to deprive us of our mother, when we were so young, that through the indulgence of a tender father, we hardly felt the loss.

Thus happy we lived, respected and beloved, till the fatal rebellion in *Scotland*, in the year 1745. I was, at that time, about eighteen; my sister, Lady *Margaret*, a year older; and our brother just twenty-two.

When the first news of this traitorous intent reached my father, loyalty and affection to the best of sovereigns, engaged him to use his utmost efforts, to assist as

much as possible against the encroachments of the young Chevalier; for which purpose he raised, from his own purse, a regiment of valiant Highlanders, and determined to command them himself as Colonel, intending that my brother should act under him as Captain. But what was my father's surprise and disappointment, when, on mentioning the proposal to his son, who had been absent from home a short time, he heard him not only refuse the offer, but utter the most treasonable and reviling speeches against the sacred person of his lawful sovereign.

Our worthy father's amazement did not hinder his assuming a parent's authority; and, stimulated with an honest and loyal zeal, he demanded of his son, where he had acquired such new and destructive principles? charging him, as he valued his blessing, to renounce his error, or never see him more.

My

My brother, who, till that fatal hour, had never disputed a father's command, but ever yielded an implicit obedience, now began to utter such expressions, as fully convinced the Earl, that some insidious stickler of the *Romish* church had been instilling his pernicious counsels into the hitherto uncorrupted bosom of his son.

Our dear father, therefore, strove at first, by mild and gentle methods, to return him to the duty he owed his king, his country, and himself, and what was more to be esteemed, his *eternal* welfare ;—but whoever the vile agent was, he had found means to plant his destructive notions too firmly to be easily removed ; so that my father had the mortification to find his utmost efforts were as ineffectual, as the like means would have been to restrain the fury of the savage tyger, or more furious pard.

Perceiving every argument was vain, resentment succeeded paternal forbearance; —zeal for his sovereign's cause instigated him to forget the ties of nature, and he instantly banished our deluded brother from his house and presence; who, immediately, with a daring effrontery, pronounced—“Duty farewell!—the only portion I will now possess, shall be a steady adherence to the hopes and fortune of *Charles the third.*”

With these words he left us, and we never beheld him more! —

The behaviour of this infatuated youth sat heavy on the heart of our father, and, to add farther to his affliction, my sister, *Lady Margaret*, in less than three months, was privately married to a young adventurer in the Pretender's army.

This was a fresh opening to a painful wound, so that the Earl, my father, appeared

peared sinking under the weight of such accumulated distress.—Never shall I forget his pathetic speech, the eve before the decisive battle at *Culloden*,—taking me in his arms, he said, weeping over me, “My dear, my beloved *Silena*, what a miserable situation is mine! duty to my King calls me to exert my whole power to assist him.—Yet how can I think of engaging in combat, when, perhaps, your brother, my ungracious boy, may fall by a father’s hand!—Distracting thought!—But hence thou soft parental fondness,—nor longer enervate my fluctuating heart!—Has he not broken through every tender tye, by spurning duty and affection from him?—He no longer regards me as a father, then why should I suffer this effeminate weakness! —No, let him find, that though gentle entreaties availed nothing, I have yet an arm to punish:—To punish!—whom?

“—Alas,

“—Alas, my child!—yet, yet he is my
“ son !”—

In this distracting suspense, between loyalty and parental tenderness, did my unhappy father pass the night;—I, who had ever loved my brother, exerted the most persuasive arguments to engage the Earl not to approach the field of battle;—the whole hours that preceded daylight were spent in such attempts, and I had just obtained his promise of staying with me, when Lord M—, an intimate friend and companion of my father’s arrived, and, with the utmost precipitancy, urged him to the field.

The calls of honour and a parent’s fears now, for a few moments, strove for superiority; but, alas! the former, assisted by the powerful eloquence of Lord M—, obtained the victory;—in a fatal hour he went,

went, leaving me, his weeping child, overwhelmed with woe.

It is impossible to describe the anguish that I felt for many succeeding hours ; and yet even that anguish was heightened, when early in the evening a litter arrived, whereon lay my beloved father covered with wounds and blood. Heavens ! what a sight was this !—was it possible for a child to bear the severe conflict, without experiencing the most excruciating grief, or sinking beneath the pressure of affliction !—This task I was destined to endure ; —the shock was too much for *my* tender frame to support :—Nature, unequal to the trial, shrank within ; and I lay for some hours without sense or motion.

When I once more beheld the light, I found myself on a sopha, supported by servants ; and near me a person, whom I did not then remember, but afterwards recollected

lected to be the nephew of Lord *M*—, a young gentleman named *Hamilton*, who had solicited my father's consent to be admitted as a lover. After staring wildly round me for some moments, and at length remembering the dismal occasion of my sufferings, I hastily enquired for my father; the servants answered me by evasions, which not proving satisfactory, in the height of distraction I addressed myself to Mr. *Hamilton*, who advanced towards the sofa with marks of respectful tenderness, accompanied with persuasive eloquence to administer all the consolation in his power; though at the same time, by distant hints, he left me no hopes of seeing my father alive. Whether it was the will of heaven that prepared my mind to meet the fatal truth with proper resignation, or whether it was owing to the manner in which it was delivered, I know not, but I received the account of the Earl's death with

with infinitely more composure than might have been expected by any one who had beheld my sufferings at the sight of the mangled body.

A child's duteous afflictions I undoubtedly felt; but not with that violence which might have proved fatal to my life:—yet how did my tears encrease, when, two days after this unhappy catastrophe, Mr. *Hamilton* informed me in what manner I had been deprived both of a father and a brother.—His affecting narrative was as follows:

After the Earl had been engaged for some hours in the laudable employment of aiding his sovereign's cause, unfortunately, in the heat of the battle, he observed my unhappy brother (who had the command of a detachment from the rebel army) surrounded by a party of the king's troops,

troops, and whose death seemed inevitable, by an impossibility of his escaping.

Paternal tenderness, at that instant, rose superior to loyal considerations, the Earl quitted his post, rushed to the rescue of his beloved son, and turned his sword against those who aimed at my brother's life. A gentleman of rank in the king's interest fell by his hand,—another was wounded,—in short, he seemed to effect almost incredible achievements; till at length overpowered by numbers, both the father and the son fell unhappy victims to the fatal indiscretion of my deluded brother!

Both were stigmatized as traitors, and my father's conduct was so aggravated to those in power, that the family estate became forfeited to the crown.

This

This latter part of my misfortune, I did not then so much as think of, but it was a considerable time before I recovered the united loss sustained on that fatal day.

Mr. Hamilton's former prepossessions in my favour were nothing lessened by these misfortunes ; on the contrary, he expressed so much both of the lover and the friend, that I became sensible of his exalted merit, and promised to be his whenever he received his uncle's consent for an union. Lord *M*—— was then in *London*, whither he went immediately after the victory ; and this nobleman acting in the capacity of a parent to my lover, by his being early left an orphan, it was highly necessary to wait his approbation ; and this was regarded as no obstacle to my wishes, in consideration of that friendship, that for so many years had subsisted between his lordship and my deceased father. But how

were

were we disappointed, when on his return, and being informed of his nephew's desire, he not only expressed his entire disapprobation, but strictly enjoined him, as he valued *his* protection, to break off all intercourse with me for ever ; alledging, as a cause for his resentment to the unfortunate *Silena*, the fatal error of my brother, and the traitorous behaviour (as he termed it) of the Earl my father.

Mr. *Hamilton* would have palliated these severe reflections, but his uncle remained inexorable ; telling him, with cruel taunts, to advise me to fill up the measure of my rebellious family, by espousing some desperate adventurer in the conquered troops of the ignorant Pretender, who might perhaps advance me to *that* honour and affluence I had lately lost.

My lover, though faithful to his sovereign's interest, could not bear these wounding

wounding sarcasms on me, whom he regarded in the most tender light ; he therefore accused his uncle with malevolence, in charging me with the unhappy errors of my family. This irritated his Lordship beyond the hopes of reconciliation, who immediately forbad him his house ; and delivering up the writings of a small patrimonial estate in *England*, told him that he might follow the bent of his dastardly inclination, and live in a state of scorn and penury, with a woman who had only a pretty face to recommend her.

So saying, he flung from him, and Mr. Hamilton soon obeyed the cruel injunction of his uncle. He flew to me, related the whole conversation, except the many rigid expressions of his Lordship, reflecting on the memories of the unfortunate deceased.

He then urged me to make him happy, used many persuasive arguments to reconcile

file our disappointments, and observed, that where an union of hearts was compleat, there wanted few other requisites to secure a permanent felicity.

In all his reasonings there appeared considerable weight ; Love being a most powerful advocate to strengthen his request.

I listened with pleasure to his persuasive eloquence, and, considering only the future prospect of being united to the man I sincerely loved, consented to his desire. But as *Scotland* now became disgusting to us both, we determined to fix our residence in some retired village in *England* ;—the county of *Norfolk* was preferred, as therein Mr. *Hamilton*'s estate was situated, the income of which amounted only to three hundred pounds a year.—A trifle indeed to both, in consideration of those expectations

tions we had the greatest reason to imagine would have fallen to our lot.

I had indeed flattered myself of possessing half the sum which the earl my father had placed in the Bank of *England*, and which he designed as portions for me and my sister ; not knowing whether *that* also would be forfeited for the unhappy transgressions before-mentioned. I had never heard of Lady *Margaret* since her clandestine union ; therefore could not tell whether a demand had ever been made of what she undoubtedly imagined her right ; but while my thoughts were busied in considering how to apply for this money on my arrival in *England*, a circumstance appeared to dash all my expectations, and made me more than ever bemoan the fatal error of my deluded brother.

In looking over some papers of Lord *Mellville's*, which had lain unregarded since his

his leaving us, I found a letter directed to him, which was written in the *French* language, and on inspection perceived, with infinite surprise, the signature of *Charles R.* at the bottom. I then proceeded to read the contents, which consisted of proper acknowledgments for the receipt of five thousand pounds; also for the promise of as much more, with faithful assurances of its being repaid with double the value, on the writer's ascending the throne of *England*.

So considerable a sum I was for a long time unable to imagine how my brother had procured; but by proceeding still farther in my search, I had the mortification to find, by copies of his own letters to different commanders in the Pretender's army, that, irritated by my father's behaviour, he had, in the height of resentment, procured a false power of attorney, whereby

he

he was entitled to sell out the whole sum from the Bank, which our indulgent parent had intended for my disobedient sister and myself; so that my hopes were entirely destroyed, and, except an inconsiderable sum of money arising from the sale of the household effects of the Earl my late dear father, I came a beggar to the arms of Mr. *Hamilton*:—of this I faithfully assured him before our union, but the generous youth received the declaration with such elevation of sentiment, that instead of repining at my poverty, I really rejoiced, that by this circumstance I was assured of his disinterested affection.

On our arrival at *London* we stayed but a short time, and then proceeded to *Norfolk*, where we soon settled ourselves at *S.*, a small but neat village, Mr. *Hamilton*'s estate laying contiguous to our dwelling, (which little habitation he purchased

chased for a small sum) and here it was that I can justly say I experienced a great degree of *that* happiness, which many gloomy and cynical writers would insinuate is not to be enjoyed in this mortal state of existence;—happy in each other, and by united efforts ever desirous to preserve the lamp of love alive, we possessed real felicity, without which, glittering domes and velvet beds are dungeons fraught with horror!—Here all was calm tranquility and joy,—Friendship rivetted our willing fetters, and Love might be said to reign untainted, and without the least allay to damp the ardour of its purest flame.

Ambition, with its towering head, received no welcome reception from either; and *I*, willing entirely to affront the gigantic phantom from any disagreeable intrusions, resigned all pretensions to *that* title

title which my birth might have claimed ; glorying more in being accosted by my poorest neighbour with the simple appellation of *Mrs. Hamilton*, than I once had been, when addressed by the first peer of the realm as *Lady Silena Mellville*.

Our days flowed on in uninterrupted harmony, and wore a continual round of the same delightful employments. To give a journal of one day, might suffice to form an idea of the circling year.

We rose early, and after paying our sincerest adorations to the Author of our being, we walked (when the weather permitted) for about half an hour, in a pleasant garden, which owed its blooming fragrance to the labour of *my* hand, and then returned to breakfast ; after which *Mr. Hamilton* either amused himself with reading in his study, or walking over his

grounds, which were let to several poor but honest farmers, with whom he would discourse, and seldom failed of giving me infinite delight at his return, by repeating their artless harrangues.

During his excursions, I amused myself in domestic affairs, or by endeavouring to alleviate the diseases of my fellow-creatures, by administering every assistance in my power;—for which purpose I studied simple Nature more than physic; and by many years observation I have learned, that small assistance from foreign drugs is necessary, our own clime producing in almost every hedge or mead, innocent and efficacious remedies for the natural disorders incident to industrious mortals:—by this I would be understood to mean such as the temperate laborious peasant may be subject to; —as for those diseases acquired by luxurious living, sloth, or debauchery, they never

never came under my immediate notice ; therefore, perhaps those who bring upon themselves violent ailments, must have recourse to violent medicines.

Infinite were the rewards I received from my grateful patients ;—no cures ever performed by a *Folbergill*,—a *Bromfield*,—or a *Hawkins*, met with greater applause, or received greater acknowledgments ; it is true, no golden fees were tendered, but I received what I valued infinitely more,—honest prayers and unfeigned blessings from guileless rustics !—these amply repaid the utmost of my ready assistance.

When we had dined, we either walked, or amused ourselves in receiving or paying some social visits, amongst a few select friends we had made on our first arrival, the chief of whom was the amiable Lady *Beverley*, mother to Sir *Edward*, who was

the only person I acquainted with the secret of my former life.

The day was ended in the same manner as we had begun it, by begging protection of *that* power we had ever adored. Thus tranquil and unsullied passed our lives, without experiencing any of those stings of ever-waking conscience, the constant attendants of remorse and guilt.

To add still farther to our felicity, in less than a twelvemonth after our residing at S——, I was permitted to indulge my delighted *Frederic* by presenting him with a son.—Never was an heir to the greatest estate in *England* received with greater joy; the honest tenants seemed emulous to express their artless transports.—Rural rejoicings were celebrated through the whole village, and every face betokened delight and pleasure.

I gave

I gave him the name of his enraptured father, earnestly praying, while it was expressing, that he might resemble him in every instance of his life.

In this request I have been hitherto gratified, since, at that moment, I only wished him to inherit those laudable perfections which my beloved *Frederic* then possessed: — Oh! thou divine disposer of events! grant he may escape that future, fatal rock of indiscretion, which wrecked his father's peace—his mother's joy!

In less than three years after this happy period, Lord *Brampton*, a young nobleman of considerable fortune, arrived at S—, to spend a few summer months with his uncle and aunt *Masham*, two worthy people, with whom we had contracted a strict intimacy from our first settling near them.

They informed us of his intended visit, and expressed great satisfaction in introducing their nephew to our acquaintance; and, indeed, his Lordship seemed to merit our utmost approbation:—his person and conversation were both extremely agreeable;—he had acquired, by travel, a competent knowledge of men and manners, without appearing to have received any of those taints so frequently incurred by the grand tour;—in short, the only foible I could at length perceive, was one adherent to his native country,—I mean play;—yet even this would he frequently condemn, when any topic on that nature was started; though I have the greatest reason to believe, that his complaisance to the company, who expressed their disapprobation of this pursuit, (joined to a design to screen a cruel intention) occasioned him to acquiesce with their opinions.—How often have I heard him declare his abhorrence of

of the intoxicating employment, particularly in those, whose elevation and rank should oblige them to set better examples: and once, with pleasure, I heard him relate the following anecdote of *Casimir*, the second King of *Poland*.

While *Casimir* was Prince of *Sandomir*, he won, at play, all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill fortune, struck the Prince a blow on the ear in the heat of passion;—he fled immediately from justice, but being pursued and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head; yet the generous *Casimir* determined otherwise. “I am not surprised “(said he) at the gentleman’s conduct;—“for not having it in his power to revenge himself on Fortune, no wonder “he should attack her favourite.”—After which he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that

he alone was faulty ; as he encouraged, by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of his people.

Lord *Brampton* would dwell on this circumstance, with such seeming approbation of the Prince's conduct, as would have inclined any one to a belief of his despising such pursuits ;—but, alas ! in this he only covered his disingenuity, as, by fatal experience, the wretched *Silena* found.

A similarity of sentiments, in every other respect but this, (which his Lordship took great care to conceal) occasioned him and my beloved Mr. *Hamilton* to be constant associates ; of this I at first sincerely rejoiced, but soon,—too soon, had I reason for a contrary opinion ; and, in a short time, the specious mask of friendship left the designing foe open to my view.

As

As the insinuating *Brampton* judged the house of his relations would be an improper place for him to effect his cruel purpose, and dreading my scrutinizing sight, he would frequently engage my dear credulous *Frederic* to accompany him to a small villa about ten miles distant, where resided one of his companions, who had learnt, like the perfidious peer, to gild the designing gambler with an appearance of artless sincerity..

I shall not dwell on many particulars of this destructive connection, or repeat my tender admonitions to Mr. *Hamilton* to be cautious of his peace,—the which was occasioned by his frequent returns to *S*—, with evident marks of having lost *that* serenity he formerly possessed. All I could urge was ineffectual, he had drank too deeply of the intoxicating draught, which overwhelmed every tender consideration;

—not the caresses of his faithful wife, nor the harmless smiles of his innocent boy could prevail;—and though his outward behaviour testified the same affection, his mind was fatally alienated from those laudable duties, which before proved him the husband and the parent.

A thousand racking apprehensions filled my breast; the serenity of my life was clouded by a prophetic imagination of those ills I was doomed to suffer; and, notwithstanding I would frequently endeavour to resist anticipation, the horrid prospect of what I dreaded, would rush upon my mind like a merciless torrent, and bear down all before it.—Small rays of hope would sometimes intervene, at which, like a sinking wretch, anxious to secure the least shadow of preservation, I would endeavour to reach; but even those, slender as they appeared, vanished in one moment,

moment, on the receipt of the following letter, which involved the wretched *Silena* in those real evils she had so frequently apprehended: It came from my dear deluded *Frederic* ;—the words were these :

“ Distracted!—ruined!—both in mind
“ and fortune!—How shall I be able to
“ relate my situation to my—*Silena*?—
“ Wife, I dare not say!—No, my injured
“ love, my fatal indiscretion has broken
“ the tender tye.—Curse on my credulity,
“ which engaged me to listen to the de-
“ structive artifice!—the fatal pursuit of
“ infernal play, to which I have been
“ drawn by the perfidious *Brampton*, has
“ wrecked my every happiness.—How shall
“ I tell thee that thou art—Oh! horror,
“ horror!—thou art, my *Silena*, beggared
“ by thy —— I dare not name the soft
“ endearing title—curse on the fatal oc-
“ casion that forbids!—But I rave; rave
“ in

“ in all the bitterness of madness!—my
“ disordered brain will not permit me to
“ dwell on the dreadful subject long
“ enough to relate particulars—let it suf-
“ fice to say, that I have not one shilling
“ in the world that I can call my own:—
“ all, all devoted to the infernal artifice
“ of Lord Brampton.—He is in possession
“ of all, and, perhaps, this very night
“ may turn *thee* out to want and penury!
“ —My child too!—Distraction! do I de-
“ serve the name of parent, who thus de-
“ prives him of that little all he had a
“ right to expect?—Beggared by a *father's*
“ hand!—By heaven! I cannot bear the
“ thought!—Yet let me summon the
“ small remains of reason I have left, and
“ endeavour to be calm while I make this
“ last request.—Such it must be, *Silena*,
“ since it is utterly impossible I can ever
“ support another interview with one I
“ have so much wronged.—Banished from
“ your

“ your sight, I will endeavour to expiate
“ your wrongs by a voluntary retirement;
“ —to some sequestered retreat I will fly,
“ far from the haunts of vile designing
“ men, where, in supplication to offended
“ heaven, I will breathe forth prayers for
“ your continual preservation.

“ This then is my request,—which, by
“ the past remembrance of our former
“ loves,—by every consideration, both hu-
“ man and divine, I beg you to fulfill.—
“ Never let my injured boy know the se-
“ cret of his unhappy father:—Conceal
“ from him his birth and hereditary ho-
“ nours, that he may not curse my me-
“ mory:—Beggared as he is, let him never
“ know the cause.—This I strictly enjoin,
“ with only one condition, which is, that
“ when it shall please heaven to call thy
“ spotless soul,—when thou apprehendest
“ thy last moments are arriving, then, and
“ not

“ not before, thou mayst divulge the important secret, provided he appears discreet enough to bear the alarming truth with fortitude.

“ May heaven preserve him safe from that fatal error which has proved his father’s ruin!—May its almighty succour raise my *Silena* a friend, by whose beneficence she and my injured boy may be preserved from that penury my fatal indiscretion has occasioned.

“ Sure the mention of heaven has endowed me with calmness;—my frenzy seems abated by its powerful name, else can it be imagined I could guide my pen thus tranquil and serene amidst a thousand self-accusing horrors?—therefore, lest I should rave again, and wound still more thy gentle bosom, let me haste and bid a last farewell to thee and to my boy.—Remember, strictly remember,

“remember, my beloved *Silena*, those in-
“junctions relative to my fatal secret;
“which believing you will fulfil, is the
“only satisfaction at this time experienced
“by *him*, who in happier days could sub-
“scribe the endearing titles of — lover,
“—friend,—and—husband!—now, alas!
“only the wretched, (would I could add
“—guiltless)

“FREDERIC HAMILTON.

“P. S. Let not my *Silena*’s compassion
“endeavour to seek her unhappy criminal;
“all search will be in vain, since before
“this reaches *S*—, I shall be at such a
“distance as will elude all enquiries.”

Words cannot describe the least of my painful sensations when I had gone thro’ the whole of this dreadful letter, which took up a considerable time;—frequently did it drop from my hand, and often did my streaming

streaming tears obliterate the heart-wounding contents.—In all the horror of distraction I snatched to my bosom my harmless infant, who was engaged in innocent play near me, pressed him with such emotion, and shedding such a torrent of tears, that the little cherub was affrighted at my ardour, shrunk from my embrace, and seemed by his amazement to demand the reason of my woe.

I addressed myself to him, unmindful of his tender age, saying, “ My dear boy, “ my beloved *Frederic*, we never shall again “ behold thy father!—He is gone, my “ love, for ever fled from thee and thine “ unhappy mother.”

At these words, as if he understood the source of his own wretchedness and mine, clasping his little arms around my neck, he said,—“ Hope papa will come again.”

Quite

Quite overcome by this innocent reply, I had just power to disengage myself from him, and sunk in a chair near me; my sweet infant experienced the utmost affliction which his little heart was capable of; he climbed upon my knees, and with his artless embrace seemed to insist on a mother's care;—and even in this distracted situation, methought an inward monitor suggested to me to live for him.

This, in some measure, roused me from indulging that deep-felt sorrow which might have endangered my life, or at least my senses. The power of innocence prevailed; I put myself under the immediate direction of Providence, and implored its gracious assistance to enable me to bear this severe trial with becoming fortitude.

As soon as I could relate the fatal truth with tolerable composure, I made Lady *Beverly* acquainted with the whole. This amiable

amiable friend (who had ever from our first knowledge of each other treated me as a child) shared my affliction, and promised me all the assistance in her power; purposing to inform Mr. and Mrs. *Masham* of the whole transaction, on their return from *London*, (whither they went on the illness of a relation a short time before this unhappy event) and hoping they might convince Lord *Brampton* of his faulty conduct, and prevail with him to relinquish his pretensions to the estate which my deluded *Frederic* had imprudently lost.

But alas! we were under the power of a man who now appeared the real villain, which character, as I before hinted at first, he attempted to conceal. In less than a week after the receipt of the foregoing dreadful letter, while my heart yet bled at every recollection, I received an epistle from his Lordship, filled with the most fulsome

fulsome and disgusting phrases, and (oh prostitution of the name) urged love for me as an excuse for his perfidy to my unsuspecting *Frederic*; and intimated, that if I would consent to an action my soul ever shrank to think on, he would not only reinstate me in that independence Mr. *Hamilton* had lost, but would make a considerable addition thereto.

Stung to the heart at such infamous proposals, I answered his mean, his cruel letter, in words to this effect.

“ Were it possible that I ever could have
“ imagined such vile sentiments dwelt un-
“ der the appearance of professed friend-
“ ship, I should cease to wonder at the
“ undeserved treatment I have received
“ from Lord *Brampton*; who, not content
“ with defrauding (I can give it no other
“ title) an unsuspecting man of his little
“ all, wounding his peace of mind for
ever,

“ ever, occasioning him to fly the embraces
“ of a beloved wife and harmless infant,
“ and wandering in a vain search of that
“ happiness you have robbed him of,—but
“ must even insult that wretched wife with
“ infamous proposals! — proposals, which
“ were she but to listen to, would sink her
“ as deep in guilt as you already are.—No,
“ my Lord, believe the unhappy *Silena*
“ when she assures you, that she will meet
“ staring want and penury without a mur-
“ mur,—happy in the consciousness of *that*
“ virtue which you can never rob her of.

“ The time may perhaps arrive, when
“ my beloved boy may be able to call
“ your lordship to a severe account for the
“ injuries you have perpetrated and intend-
“ ed to both his parents;—then, *Bramp-*
“ *ton*, tremble! — the hand of unerring
“ justice, assisted by honest integrity, will
“ surely punish thy cruel and undeserved
behaviour;

“ behaviour ;—how will thy perfidy stand
“ the shock ? — affrighted and appalled,
“ methinks I see thee vanquished, con-
“ quered by a boy !—but remember, that
“ *that* boy will be aided by the justice thou
“ wilt want !

“ I brave the utmost malice of thy
“ cruelty ;—come then, my lord, fill up
“ the measure of thy noble atchievements,
“ and turn the poor *Silena* and her infant
“ from their home ;—leave them exposed
“ to indigence and misery, whilst thou
“ revelest in luxury and ease, by an addi-
“ tion to thy fortune, raised on the ruin
“ of a *man*, who fondly mistook a villain
“ for a friend.

“ Think not that I will be an humble
“ suppliant, I despise the thought !—for
“ aided by Heaven and Virtue, sooner
“ than change situations with the affluent
“ Lord

“ Lord *Brampton*, I will continue for an
“ age of poverty the wretched, the in-
“ jured,

“ SILENA HAMILTON.”

This letter had the effect I foretold, in two days after I sent it, the steward arrived with full authority, under my deluded *Frederic*’s hand and seal, to take possession of every thing, except our cloaths and furniture.

I was aware of this, and, therefore, accepted the invitation of the Lady *Beverly* to be with her.—It is impossible to describe the affecting countenances of the honest tenants, when they found themselves under their new landlord;—all ages, from the grandfather to the child of ten years old, grieved at our misfortunes; though I begged the fatal truth might be concealed as much as possible, for fear of any reflections

reflections on the memory of my beloved Mr. *Hamilton*.—But my tell-tale countenance fully betrayed some calamity, the which was soon whispered in uncertain conjectures through the whole village,—which made me wish for a removal from that once loved retreat.——The amiable Lady *Beverly* perceived my desire, yet took no notice of it, till the arrival of her son, (the worthy Sir *Edward*) about a year and a half after.

He returned from *Portugal*, at which place he had been deprived of his Lady, who went to *Lisbon* in hopes of receiving benefit from the air of that climate, she being in a deep decline.

His lovely little *Sylvia*, attended by her nurse, accompanied him to S———, she was at that time an infant not quite a twelvemonth old, but beauteous as a cherub. Sir *Edward* possessed the same benign

benign disposition as his amiable mother, and being made acquainted with my unhappy story, instantly promised me his friendship and assistance.—Soon perceiving (notwithstanding my grateful attachment to Lady *Beverly*) that S——— was disagreeable, since my cruel separation from Mr. *Hamilton*, he generously proposed my residing at a house of his at C———, in the county of ———, which is my present habitation, and where I have dwelt ever since my dear *Frederic* was little more than five years old.

I had heard nothing more from the cruel Lord *Brampton*, whose uncle and aunt *Masham* never returned to S———, they both dying in a short time after each other while at *London*, of a putrid fever, with which their relation had expired the day after they reached the capital;—and by which occurrence Vice seemed to be rewarded,

warded, as Lord *Brampton* was become possessed of considerable legacies by the bequests of both, who, ignorant of his vile action and intent, had heaped additional riches on one undeserving of their notice or regard.

How could a man, possessed of such affluence, think of detaining the little support of a family, made miserable by his cruel and perfidious artifices?—But in that bosom where Vice reigns, every social and beneficent principle is totally extirpated!— Oh! how different was the humane, the disinterested conduct of Sir *Edward Beverley*!—susceptible of virtuous impressions, he listened to the dictates of the Heavenly Monitor,—causing my grateful heart to leap for joy.

In less than three months after his arrival at *S*—, he informed me, that the house at *C*— (named *Meadfield*)

was ready for my reception, whenever I chose to enter it.—I received this generous offer with gratitude, and after taking a tender farewell of Lady *Beverly*, and the innocent *Sylvia*, Sir *Edward* accompanied me and my dear boy hither;—I found the house, though small, infinitely too elegant for my humble situation, and, therefore, begged that Sir *Edward* would suffer me to object to many parts of the furniture on that account;—but the generous man, with an engaging smile, told me, that his mother had taken care to enable me to support it,—and then drew from his pocket the writings of an estate of an hundred and fifty pounds a year, which I was to receive, free of all deductions, in quarterly payments, from a person he should appoint to collect the rents, without the least trouble or incumbrance to me.

A look of silent admiration was the only return I was able to make for this unparalleled

paralleled generosity of the amiable Lady *Beverly*, whose delicacy in bestowing her bounty equally charmed me.

Sir *Edward* stayed with me a week, promising a constant intercourse. At parting, he said to my dear boy—Here, *Frederic*, let me beg your acceptance of *this*, to buy you a little horse, that you may be able, in a year or two, to take a journey, and visit your sister *Sylvia*, who will always be glad to see you.—Then turning to me, he said, Dear Madam, I am now going to leave you;—may heaven reward *that* virtue you have ever adhered to, and preserve you from all attempts of the infamous Lord *Brampton*,—the which, to effect, I think, at this instant, of an expedient to baffle his designs,—this is, (in order to escape so dangerous an enemy) that you should change your name.

I 2

I thanked

I thanked him for his caution, saying, with a melancholy smile, that I readily acquiesced with his advice; and, therefore, begged that he would bestow one he thought most proper;—he hesitated a few moments, and then said, as I might sometime, in conversation, hint my being born and married in *Scotland*, he thought that of *Ramsey* would suit, there being many genteel families of that name in the northern parts of *Britain*.

This appellation, therefore, I have ever, since that time, assumed; and my dear boy, being accustomed to it from so early an age, has always believed it to be his real name.

On the departure of Sir *Edward*, I inspected the present he had made to *Frederic* to purchase the little horse;—but how was I surprised, when I saw a Bank Note of five hundred pounds:—Infinite were

were my acknowledgments to all-gracious heaven, that had raised me such friends in the hour of need ;—I resigned myself to its inscrutable decrees, and endeavoured the utmost in my power to struggle with *that* affliction, which the cruel separation of me and my beloved *Frederic* occasioned.

Thus we lived for some years, without any thing material happening ; at length, when my dear boy was near seventeen, I received the melancholy account of the amiable Lady *Beverly*'s death !—Sir *Edward* soon after paid me a visit, and presented me with five thousand pounds, bequeathed to me by this dear and worthy friend.—He then informed me that he was appointed Ambassador to *Venice*, and generously proposed taking *Frederic* with him ; on whom, he said, he would confer a lucrative and genteel employment, whereby his future fortune might be established.

Notwithstanding this offer was not to be rejected,—a mother's fondness shrunk at the thoughts of being separated from a dutious and only child, from whom she had not been absent one day since his birth.

The worthy Baronet perceived the conflict between gratitude and maternal softness; and, with the most exquisite tenderness, endeavoured to alleviate my sensations, by comparing them to his own, in respect of parting from his beloved *Sylvia*, then twelve years old; saying, with a benevolent smile, I believe, dear Madam, we must make an exchange, and while Mr. *Ramsay* accompanies me to *Italy*, my *Sylvia* shall remain with you at *Meadfield*,—her disposition is such, as, I am sure, you will approve:—She has made already considerable progress in every female accomplishment; and I know no person, under whose instruction and tender care

she

she will make farther improvements, than that of Mrs. *Ramsay*.

Without waiting for a reply to this obliging overture, he asked my dear boy if he was willing to attend him.

Frederic's young heart, fired with a laudable ambition to promote his future fortune, answered with such ardency of delight and gratitude, that Sir *Edward* clasped him to his bosom, approved his resolution, and, in short, uttered so many obliging encomiums on my beloved boy, that maternal fondness, before mixed with fears, was now willing to applaud the intended separation.

In less than a month every thing was ready for their leaving *England*, and the lovely Miss *Beverley* was entrusted to my care.

I shall not pretend to describe the parting scene, as it may better be imagined than expressed even by the utmost powers of a mother's pen.

After an absence of three years, *Frederic* returned depressed in expectation, and in deep affliction for the loss of his benefactor, the worthy Sir *Edward*, who died at *Venice*.

Every other occurrence it is unnecessary to relate, as both my son and dear Miss *Beverly* are fully acquainted therewith. I have only to add, that after twenty years absence from my beloved Mr. *Hamilton*, I still remain ignorant as to what has befallen the only man on earth I ever loved.

Oh ! may the watchful eye of all-bounteous heaven, preserve my *Frederic* from striking on that fatal rock which proved his father's ruin !—May he ever listen to
the

the friendly admonitions so often inculcated by his generous patron ! and may he continue to live in that calm retirement to which he has been accustomed from his birth!—for sensible I am that the more he knows the insidious ways of men, the more he will be apt to exclaim with the young *Numidian* prince,

If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance.

L 5 LET

most illustrious and interesting history of
beginning with the days of Solomon and
culminating in the reign of Herod the Great.

LETTER XXVII.

Miss Musgrave to Miss Beverly.

I Have this instant, *Sylvia*, finished reading the contents of your obliging pacquet.—The memoirs of our dear Mrs. *Ramsay*, though they occasion infinite matter for affecting sensation, contain no more in respect of her birth than I frequently believed;—there ever appeared such elevation of sentiment in her words and actions, as often inclined me to think she *was*, what we are now convinced she really *is*.

Happy for you, my friend, that Mr. *Hamilton*'s indiscretions carried him from home, by which his amiable lady remained uncertain whether he continued in the land
of

of the living or not ;—for my penetration, (of which you know I had ever a competent share) urges me to believe, that could your late father (the worthy Sir *Edward*) have been assured that her Ladyship was in a state of widowhood, he would have been desirous that she should have taken the name of—*Beverly*—instead of *Ramsay* ; and then a certain accomplished youth, and my *Sylvia*, had been brother and sister in good earnest.

It is some time since I looked over that part of the prohibitions relating to marriage, which begins with a man's not espousing his grandmother, and so forth ; I therefore cannot tell, supposing the union before mentioned had taken place, whether you and *Frederic* would have been restrained from entering into that holy state by the alliance of your parents :—however, as from earliest infancy you must have really regarded

garded each other as brother and sister, the very thought of a closer connection might have made you shudder.

But these scrupulous niceties are now unnecessary ; therefore compleat the generous intent of Sir *Edward* towards the *mother*, by receiving the *son* as he could wish. You desired my sentiments, *Sylvia*, so take this advice for the whole.

Some particulars, you say, “ rather flat-
“ ter than depress your hopes.” — Yes,
yes, child, undoubtedly ! — you are now
certain that your lover’s *birth* will be no
disgrace to you ; and as to any other con-
sideration, I am sensible *Smithfield* bargains
were ever your aversion.

Forgive my raillery, my sweet girl, but
I am actually so much elated by this dis-
covery, that I cannot help those volatile
effusions raised by supreme delight.—The
Countess,

Countess, Papa, and *Charlotte* perceive my transport, but as you gave me no liberty of divulging the secret, I impute to them the recovery of Mrs. *Ramsay* as a reason; which name, the amiable Lady *Silena Hamilton*, must be known by here.

As to family affairs, they remain nearly the same as when I wrote last;—no news of the fugitive Lady *Susan*;—however, since *Charlotte's* return Papa seems rather more contented, and the Countess's affliction appears somewhat subsided; so that I believe I shall soon return to *Sedgeley Abbey*, having received a pressing invitation from the fair platonic Miss *Macclesfield*: and notwithstanding my swain's earnest desire that I should exchange the name of *Musgrave* for *Pembroke*, his sighing worship is doomed to wait; since I am determined not to think of receiving the important epithet of—wife—till some happy turn of affairs

affairs may reinstate Papa in his former tranquillity.

Will not my *Sylvia* applaud this proof of filial duty;—certainly.—Self-denial is an arduous task; and, *entre nous*, were it not for the reason above mentioned, I should be inclined to pity my sighing Strephon, and even take him for better and for worse.

Sir *Rowland* was here last Thursday, and I assure you, *Sylvia*, he was a most powerful advocate for his son, begging that I would shorten the time of *Harry*'s probation, as he termed it. No excuse that I could make would satisfy the good old Baronet, till I urged the real cause for my deferring our union; and then, giving me a hearty smack, he swore I was a good girl, and worthy to set an example to my whole sex for duty and affection;—adding,

in

in his blunt manner, that an obedient child could never make a bad wife.

Thus you see, *Sylvia*, how this pious resolution is applauded; every one bestows many commendations, except — I need not say who — but the youth must speak patience to his hopes, for I am absolutely determined to remain inflexible.

Charlotte frequently declares that Mr. *Pembroke* will be revenged when once I am his, for dallying thus with his passion; — but I entertain a better opinion of him, else I would never stand the trial. — Pray heaven I may not be deceived! —

Men are strange beings, undoubtedly; frequently exhibiting as different aspects as the two cardinal points of South and North: — in time of courtship warm and unruffled; but in a short period after the priest has pronounced the mystic words, lowering

lowering clouds prognosticate the approach of a more sultry season;—storms succeeds;—the northern tyrant reigns with chilling cold, and we in vain regret the absence of the warm and cheerful south.

At this instant I imagine that I hear my *Sylvia* exclaim, “ For heaven’s sake, “ *Emily*, a truce with your provoking com- “ parisons; consider, my friend, I may “ now look on myself as one partly “ doomed to experience the justness of “ your similes:—then pry’thee do not lead “ me into an anticipation of such dreadful “ evils.”

Well, then, I will obey, and for the present no farther animadvert on those opposite materials which constitute the generality of mens compositions;—however, you need not fear any of those turbulent blusterings from Mr. *Ramfay*,—alias *Hamilton*,—especially if he adheres to the interpretation

terpretation of his name; for I believe, if I am not much mistaken, that of—*Frederic*—is partly derived from—*Peace*;—a comprehensive word, *Sylvia*,—and which I sincerely hope may preserve *you* from experiencing the contrary.

I beg you would present my most ardent respects to the amiable Lady *Silena Hamilton*, and assure her how sincerely her affecting history has touched the heart of your

EMILY MUSGRAVE.

LET.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss BEVERLY to Miss MUSGRAVE.

ONCE again, my *Emily*, am I capable of enjoying the pleasure which your lively letters ever afford your *Sylvia*; the recovery of my beloved Lady *Silena*, has brought once more happiness and joy. Heaven heard my supplication, and now my utmost powers are employed in grateful acknowledgments. With what devout fervour did the amiable sufferer breathe forth ejaculations of praise to the Most High, even in the midst of her excruciating pains; and, though anxious to be mingled with her kindred angels, the tears of *Frederic* and myself urged her to desire (for our sakes) a further respite.—With what benign expressions of tenderness did she receive

ceive her son and me, after we had informed ourselves of her history.

When I entered the chamber, I flew to the chair in which sat this patient sufferer, and pressing her hand to my lips, I exclaimed,—“ Will the amiable Lady *Silena Hamilton* pardon the frequent want of respect which my ignorance of her birth has occasioned ! ”

Regarding me with a composed smile, mixed at the same time with expressive tenderness, she said, “ My dear miss Beverly, why this needless complaisance ? —Believe me, my child, it is not birth or grandeur which ought alone to claim respect ; —a small share of merit proceeds from such considerations.

“ The humble cottager, if possessed of honour and integrity, demands more real veneration from the friends of Vir-

“ tue,

“ tue, than the titled mortal, decked with
“ many appendages of his sovereign’s fa-
“ vour, if destitute of what the honest pea-
“ sant may with justice boast.”

“ Of this you have a striking instance
“ in the vile Lord *Brampton*;—could the
“ pageantry of titled pomp excuse his
“ breach of friendship, humanity, and
“ every social virtue?—far from it!—But
“ with infinite regret I have often seen,
“ that those whom the indulgent hand of
“ heaven has placed on high, (with the
“ wise intent, no doubt, that they should
“ shine examples worthy of imitation) de-
“ scend to actions so mean and despicable,
“ that their poorest vassal would blush to
“ be accused of.”

I listened with silent admiration to this incomparable woman, who tenderly embracing me, said, “ Excuse me, my dear Miss *Beverly*, for so long dwelling on a
“ subject

“ Subject which I am certain your good
“ sense has often suggested ;—but I could
“ not suffer my beloved *Sylvia* to accuse
“ herself of a want of respect to *me*, who,
“ had it not been for the unbounded ge-
“ nerosity of *her* family, must have been
“ plunged in all the horrors of abject
“ penury.”

She would have proceeded, but I begged
her to forbear, nor wound my heart with a
repetition of her sufferings.

Frederic now entering the chamber, a
tender scene between this amiable mother
and son succeeded. When the transports
of both were somewhat subsided, Frederic
(fired at the recollection of Lord Brampton's
perfidy) dwelt on that part of his injured
mother's letter, wherein she prophesied re-
venge through his means ; and after expa-
tiating on the atrocious intent of his Lord-
ship

slip for some time, he said, "Yes, my
" dearest madam, if it is possible to find
" the abject villain, this disgrace to peer-
" age, be assured your *Frederic*'s arm will
" seek revenge, and do justice to yourself
" and my unhappy father."

This was what the amiable *Silv* feared,
—who answered with exquisite tenderness,
" My beloved child, forbear!—I want not
" this proof of thy affection;—it is enough
" to hear thee express a proper resent-
" ment, without seeking to endanger thy
" valuable life, by attempting to punish
" one, who (if yet living) may by this
" time perhaps be sorry for what he has
" already perpetrated;—even if not so,
" I charge thee, as thou valuest my blef-
" fing or affection, to forego all thoughts
" of such an undertaking.—Already has
" thy mother known enough of misery,
" without a child's endangering his life,
" even

“even in such a cause!—then let me
“infist on your faithful promise, to think
“no more on what my aggravated suf-
“ferings at that time made me write;
“when thy infant state hindered all
“thoughts of danger on thy account, else
“my pen had not expressed such violent
“threatenings.—When your filial duty
“would have returned the unsealed papers
“to my hand, Discretion was what I then
“urged, and hoped you would adhere
“to;—let me not be deceived, *Frederic*!
“—Never hast thou yet swerved from a
“child’s obedience, then do not refuse to
“acquiesce with my present request, nor
“by such an intent raise from wished ob-
“livion the memory of thy dear deluded
“father’s indiscretion.”

This, and much more to the same effect, at length extorted a faithful promise from *Frederic* to think no more on what appeared

peared to give his amiable mother so much anxiety;—though I am certain no other consideration could have availed; and only the strength of filial affection, conquered the suggestions of laudable resentment.

‘Oh! my *Emily*! it is impossible to describe the several emotions which appeared on his countenance when he knew the secret of his birth;—the paper, in a manner, droped from his hand; he fixed his eyes steadfastly on me; while joy, mingled with fearful suspense, seemed to speak the utmost secrets of his soul.

His earnest look, so full of expressive eloquence, occasioned infinite confusion in me;—I felt my face and neck covered with a crimson glow, which he at length perceiving, withdrew in an instant those intelligent glances, and proceeded with his amiable mother’s history.—When he arrived

rived at that affecting part, which described his behaviour and innocent reply after the absence of his father, I was unable to restrain my tears, which occasioned some tender sentiments and expressions from him ;—in short, *Emily*, the whole was productive of many interesting circumstances ; but I shall forbear dwelling on particulars, otherwise I might expect a little of my lively friend's railery, let it suffice to say, that my swain, (to use your epithet) never since I knew him, appeared happier than at present, on my account—at least.

I suppose your penetrating Ladyship will easily guess the reason,—though I would not have you imagine I have been extravagant in encouragement—no absolute promise, *Emily*,—only a sufficient quantity of what remained in *Pandora's* box, to hinder the poor youth from sighing *too* much.

I received, yesterday, a letter from my aunt *Cowley*, who continues at *Scarborough*, with *her* incomparable helpmate;—she informs me that he has received much benefit from the waters;—this she expresses with such abundant satisfaction, that, did I not know her incapable of deceit, I should think she betrayed a little hypocrisy by the assertion.—He is one of your northern sparks indeed, *Emily!*—ever lowering and turbulent to his amiable wife:—Pray heaven this indisposition may soften the brutal ferocity of his temper, and incline him more to imitate a southern aspect!—Though of this, I confess, I am rather doubtful; since, by the few observations I have been able to make, I have reason to think, that when once a man degenerates from what Providence intended him to be, and usurps the savage demeanour of a brute, —the love of tyranny prevails; and exercising it over an innocent, patient sufferer, affords

affords such inhuman satisfaction, that cruelty and malevolence seldom ends but with life.—But enough on this disgusting theme, and let me say something of our worthy friends on the other side the copse,—though it will only consist of informing my *Emily* that they are well.

Donna *Clara* has heard nothing either from *France* or *Spain*,—which I cannot help thinking very extraordinary.

Where is all the boasted friendship of Madam *de Beaumont*?—Alas! my *Emily*! how often does the most solemn profession of that sacred name vanish in air!—no traces to be seen!—Frequently do I impugn the pretensions of friendship to what Doctor *Goldsmith* emphatically styles it;

“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ But leaves the wretch to weep.”

Forgive me, *Emily*, should you judge me too severe; and be assured, notwithstanding what I have here declared, that I am sensible (though many may prostitute the heaven-born title) it really subsists between my friend and her

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

From the same, to the same.

SENSIBLE that happy events always give delight to the humane bosom of my *Emily*,—I shall relate an occurrence that happened yesterday.

Dear Lady *Silena*, *Frederic*, and I, for the first time since our amiable mother's recovery, paid a visit at Mrs. *Benson*'s.—It would be needless to repeat the sincere joy that was visible in every countenance on this happy occasion:—After dinner, a walk was proposed in *that* copse so often mentioned; which, really, *Emily*, appears as if decreed for a principal scene of adventures.—Mrs. *Benson* has been at much expence to render it quite agreeable, cutting through some of the luxuriant bushes

K 3 to

to form commodious walks, which yet appear more the effect of nature than of art. She has likewise caused to be erected, at convenient distances, rural seats, something in that artless manner with those in Lord *Tilney*'s gardens ;—they are judiciously placed under the shade of spreading oaks, which render them extremely delightful, even at the blaze of noon.

They proved of infinite service to dear Lady *Silena*, whose present weakness occasioned her frequently to rest on those rustic benches ;—on one of which, Mrs. *Whitworth*, and Mrs. *Benson* remained with her, while Donna *Clara*, *Frederic*, myself, and little *Harriot* amused ourselves with walking into the thickest part of the wood, gathering honeysuckles that grew spontaneously, and twisted their fragrant branches round the supporting oaks.

The

The innocent *Harriot* running before us, seemed the fairy queen to whom these tranquil shades belonged.

Thus calm and happy, we proceeded for some time, when, on a sudden, the sweet child came running back to us, saying,
“ Do not let us go any farther, there is
“ somebody sitting on the grails.”

Poor Donna *Clara*, remembering her adventure with young *Benson*, betrayed marks of fear,—but Mr. *Hamilton* being with us, I was not in the least dismayed, especially at that time of day, — and therefore asked *Harriot* whether she would be afraid to show us where the person was ; — to which she replied, with her native innocence, “ No, indeed, Miss *Beverly*, we “ need not be afraid, the gentleman was “ reading,—I am sure he will not hurt us, “ but I came back for fear we should dis- “ turb him.”

Before the lovely girl had well finished this speech, the stranger advanced ;—he seemed about thirty, dressed in a riding suit of green and gold,—his person and deportment extremely elegant,— and I could not help applauding little *Harriot's* sagacity, he appearing, at first sight, more capable of creating esteem than fear.

He accosted us with much politeness, but seemed rather surprised, (as he afterwards confessed) to meet persons of our appearance in that obscure retreat ;—taking hold of *Harriot's* hand, and regarding her with much attention, he said, “ My “ pretty creature, I hope I did not hinder “ you from pursuing your innocent amuse- “ ment ?”—“ No, indeed, Sir :” (answered the lovely girl)—“ Good God ! (ex- “ claimed the stranger)—the very voice “ also.”—Then turning to us, he said, “ Excuse my rudeness, Ladies, but this “ beauteous

“ beauteous child has awakened the recollection of an event, which has caused me infinite affliction;—I almost dread to ask her name, and yet—I beg to know it.”

Donna Clara answered, “ If the name of *Harriot Mortimer*”—The stranger would not suffer her to proceed, but hastily demanded, if *Whitworth* was not the maiden name of the child’s mother?

On being answered in the affirmative, snatching the lovely girl to his breast, he exclaimed, “ It is! it is my child!—embalm of her mother’s innocence and beauty!”—

Before the violence of his transports were abated, Mrs. *Whitworth* appeared, as wondering at our stay; the enraptured Mr. *Mortimer* (for so he really was) soon knew the worthy woman, and was as soon

recollected by her.—Infinite were the tender effusions that passed between them:—While they were thus employed, I flew to Lady *Silena* and Mrs. *Benson*, acquainting them with the happy discovery.

The welcome stranger was soon introduced, and mutual congratulations were reciprocally exchanged;—the lovely little *Harriot*, rejoicing to find a parent who so tenderly caressed her, exhibited the utmost raptures her innocent heart was capable of;—she clung round the neck of her transported father, then flew to her grandmother, and every one of us present, telling us all that she had found—Papa.

After tea, Mrs. *Whitworth* begged her son-in-law to inform her, why he had suffered above five years to elapse without enquiring after his unfortunate wife?—to which Mr. *Martimer* replied, “ My dear

“ Madam,

“ Madam, your being a stranger to the
“ cruel treatment I received from my fa-
“ ther, justifies a question that, otherwise,
“ would give me much concern;—since
“ the most barbarous and (I believe) un-
“ precedented usage, that ever child suf-
“ fered from a parent, was the only cause
“ of this seeming neglect.—No, Madam,
“ my *Harriot*’s image was never effaced by
“ time or absence;—even Nature’s sym-
“ pathy was not alone the reason, which
“ agitated my bosom on the sight of my
“ lovely child;—the well-remembered
“ features of her mother occasioned the
“ first alarm; and when she spoke—my
“ *Harriot*’s voice seemed echoed by her
“ lively accents.

“ But (continued Mr. *Mortimer*) the
“ tale is long to tell, and my present agi-
“ tation will not suffer me to go through
“ the whole this evening; permit me,
“ therefore,

“ therefore, a small respite, and I will inform my dear mother (respectfully kissing Mrs. *Whitworth's* hand) of the whole of my perplexing story.”

He would then have taken his leave, and proceeded to an inn about a mile distant, where he had left his servant and his horses;—but Mrs. *Benson* would not permit him to leave them, insisting on his staying with her, till such time as he had related the promised narrative at least:— Accordingly, a servant was dispatched to the inn, with notice of his remaining there, and orders to bring his small retinue to Mrs. *Benson's*.—This obliging invitation was politely accepted by Mr. *Mortimer*, and about eight o'clock we returned home, leaving this amiable family happy in the society of the welcome stranger.

Adieu, my *Emily*, I hope, ere long, to satisfy the curiosity I have raised in my friend,

friend, of knowing this hero's adventure. Remember, I made frequent complaints while penning *Donna Clara's* story;—it now seems as if my patience was again to be exercised,—yet, in consideration of affording entertainment to my *Emily*, it will chearfully be performed by her

SYLVIA BEVERLY.

LET.

LETTER XXX.

From the same, in Continuation.

MORE discoveries, *Emily!* — how incomprehensible are the secret dispensations of unerring Providence! — Occurrences frequently happen, to cast a light on the affairs of short-sighted mortals, which *they* deem inextricable and obscure.

Two days after our first seeing Mr. Mortimer, he obliged Mrs. Whitworth with relating the cruel treatment he had received from his father, on account of his union with his beloved *Harriot*. — Lady Silena, *Frederic*, and I being, by desire, also present, Mr. Mortimer began, addressing himself to his worthy mother as follows:

“ I apprehend, Dear Madam, it will
“ be needless to relate how soon my heart
“ was

“ was captivated by the charms (both
“ personal and mental) of my *Harriot* ;
“ since, I suppose, my amiable auditors
“ have heard the whole from yourself ;—I
“ shall, therefore, begin at the period of
“ six months after our clandestine union ;
“ by first informing you, that my father,
“ being a man of haughty and contracted
“ principles, urged me to conceal my hap-
“ piness as long as possible ;—the poultry
“ consideration of superior fortune in-
“ fluencing him beyond the more valuable
“ endowments of beauty and intrinsic me-
“ rit.—From *you* also, Madam, we kept
“ the important secret, though for con-
“ trary motives ;— sensible of your tena-
“ cious adherence to truth, and that you
“ ever despised such clandestine proceed-
“ ings, we feared soliciting your consent
“ without having obtained my father’s ;
“ —and as that we justly concluded would
“ be impossible,—Love, that powerful
“ deity,

“ deity, disdained all thoughts of future
“ storms ; and, happy in each other, we
“ bade defiance to calamity.

“ Thus we lived for near six months,
“ without having the least suspicion that
“ our marriage was discovered.—When
“ one day my father told me, that my
“ uncle, who was captain of a vessel trad-
“ ing to *Spain*, was taken extremely ill,
“ and earnestly desired to see me before
“ he left *England*.—The ship then lay at
“ *Falmouth* ready for sail, and therefore
“ my father, with apparent marks of af-
“ fection, said, Dear *Frank*, I would have
“ you be speedy in your journey, as I am cer-
“ tain my brother will regard it as a breach
“ of respect if you do not endeavour to
“ see him before he leaves *England*. You
“ know, continued he, your uncle is rich,
“ has no family, and therefore prudence
“ as

“ as well as duty should influence you
“ to pay him proper attention.

“ This speech coinciding with my fa-
“ ther's known sentiments of lucrative ex-
“ pectations, left me no room to doubt of
“ the truth of what he uttered. — Un-
“ suspecting therefore the least deceit, I
“ promised to set out early the next morn-
“ ing for *Falmouth*, proposing to inform
“ my *Harriot* in person of my intended
“ journey; — but of this I was disap-
“ pointed, my father engaging me the
“ whole afternoon and evening in some
“ trifling affairs, which rendered it im-
“ possible (without giving room for that
“ suspicion I dreaded) to effect my pur-
“ pose. I however wrote a letter after I
“ was in my own chamber, to my lovely
“ wife, acquainting her with the whole,
“ and promising a return with all possible
“ expedition.

“ expedition. This I gave in the morning
“ to my own servant, (who had been en-
“ trusted with the secret of our marriage)
“ to deliver into *Harriot's* own hand,—but
“ whether it was received I know not, as
“ I was forced to leave the house before
“ his return; though I am apt to believe
“ the villain betrayed me, for it was im-
“ possible any other person could have
“ informed my father of so many parti-
“ culars as I too soon found, with inex-
“ pressible affliction, he had been apprised
“ of.

“ On my arrival at *Falmouth*, I went on
“ board my uncle's ship, and found him
“ in bed in his cabbin, to all appearance
“ extremely ill.

“ He pretended infinite joy at seeing
“ me, applauded my affectionate haste,
“ saying, that he should ever remember it
“ with

“ with the most parental consideration.—
“ I own I was rather surprised at all this
“ effusion of tenderness, as he was a person
“ I never had respected, more than being
“ brother to my father;— his disposition
“ ever appearing brutal and morose, sordid
“ and avaritious, frequently gave me cause
“ to imagine that my death would not
“ much grieve him, especially as he was
“ the heir at law to my father, in case I
“ died without issue;— I therefore ima-
“ gined his indisposition had wrought those
“ new-acquired sentiments, and brought
“ him to a resolution of curbing those
“ malevolent prepossessions incident to his
“ disposition;—nay, so much did he ap-
“ pear my friend from this readiness to
“ visit him, that after having been more
“ than an hour by his bed side, I was
“ going to disclose my marriage, and beg
“ my friendly uncle to be a mediator be-

“ tween

“ tween me and my father ; this I should
“ have undoubtedly endeavoured, had I
“ not at that instant perceived by the ship’s
“ motion that she was under sail.

“ Surprised at this accident, I rose with
“ precipitancy to discover if my imagina-
“ tion did not deceive me ; when my per-
“ fidious uncle on a sudden gave a whistle,
“ and three or four sailors, who had been
“ properly instructed, entered the cabbin,
“ and demanded their captain’s pleasure ;
“ —to which, with all the calmness of a
“ thorough-paced villain, he said, Keep
“ this young man in custody till I order
“ you to release him.

“ Words are too weak to describe my
“ agitations, I however drew a hanger
“ that hung in the cabbin, and swore I
“ would sacrifice the first man who dared
“ to

“ to use me ill ;—to which one of the tars
“ replied in the usual sea dialect ;—wherein
“ he signified, that if I pretended to make
“ the least resistance I should be put in
“ irons.

“ Their infamous commander was by
“ this time dressed, approved their threats,
“ and now appeared entirely free from any
“ other disorder than what a brutal pas-
“ sion exhibited on my accusing him with
“ perfidy.

“ Resistance was in vain, the hanger was
“ wrenched from me, though not before
“ I had given one of the sailors a deep
“ gash on his right arm ; this was returned
“ by my cruel uncle himself, with a severe
“ stroke on the head that almost stunned
“ me, accompanied with an horrid oath,
“ and d—ing me for misusing his seamen.

“ I then

“ tween me and my father ; this I should
“ have undoubtedly endeavoured, had I
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“ stroke on the head that almost stunned
“ me, accompanied with an horrid oath,
“ and d—ing me for misusing his seamen.

“ I then

" I then was thrust into a small cabbin
 " adjoining to his own, and two of the
 " sailors set as centinels over me. When
 " I came a little to myself, I soon surmised
 " the cause of this perfidy, and which I
 " was assured of about an hour afterwards,
 " by my uncle's coming to the cabbin,
 " who, throwing me a letter, bade me read
 " it, and be d—m'd.

" Willing to know the utmost of my
 " wretchedness, I took the letter, which I
 " soon perceived was in my father's hand-
 " writing,—the contents these.

" FRANK,

" As your imprudent and undutiful dispo-
 " sition engaged you, without my knowledge, to
 " conclude an union with a beggar,—I thought
 " it a father's duty to binder, as much as pos-
 " sible, your utter ruin ;—this you bardly de-
 " serve,

“serve, in consideration of your acting so clan-
“destinely. Your uncle has full instructions from
“me in what manner to settle you in Spain;
“therefore submit as you ought, which will be
“some atonement for that breach of duty com-
“mitted against

“Your offended father,

“R. MORTIMER.”

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



